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Sports Illustrated

MAY 28, 1966

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THE DERBY

KAUAI KING LEADS ALL THE WAY





Who says
a fine watch
can't be exciting?

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Proof:
The total-look
Electric.

The total look! Watch and bracelet — sculpted as one. Oval dial in a bark-grained 10-Karat gold-filled case and bark-grain bracelet as well.

An American-made electric from Hamilton, first and most experienced in electric watches. Power is tapped from a new, improved energy cell at a constant rate for exceptional accuracy. The Hamilton cell is built to last up to two years. Simple, inexpensive to replace. Only 8 moving parts, no manspring to run down — less can go wrong. So, if you've got the money — for yourself or for a gift, put it where the excitement is — on a Hamilton. At your jeweler.

If you want more than time, get a
HAMILTON

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Three knits with one smashing benefit, Kodel polyester, for durable press. The lasting softness, freshness, shape come from Kodel as well. And durable press scores a knockout against wrinkles. "Never-iron" shirts of Kodel polyester and cotton. In fashion's newest colors. Sizes S-M-L-M. Made to sell from about \$3.50 to \$6. By CAMPER. At fine stores everywhere, or write Campus Sweater & Sportswear Company, 3955 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

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A new VW is cheaper at twice the price.

How's that for an outrageous claim?

A new VW at around \$1700 (depending on accessories) costs less than a 4-year-old Something Else at \$850.

We knew you wouldn't believe it. So we've proved it.

Let's say you plan to keep your next car 5 years (and drive a total of 75,000 miles). Here's how it might work out:

	New Volkswagen	Used Something Else
Price	\$1,700	\$850
Gas @ 32¢/gal	\$28 (29 mi./gal.)	\$46 (15 mi./gal.)
Tires @ \$25 ea.	112 (40,000 mi./set)	336 (20,000 mi./set)
Oil @ 60¢ qt.	42 (27 qts./fill-up)	57 (needs 5 qts.)
Anti-freeze	0 (air-cooled eng.)	45 (water-cooled eng.)
Cost for 5 years	\$2,682	\$2,388

So you're at least \$206 ahead if you buy the VW. (We didn't even count the extra \$100 it saves on lower insurance and registration fees in many states.)

If you buy the new VW, you won't have to worry about why the first owner sold it. (And you won't have to pay for the expensive ailments that can hit an old Something Else.)

Now then. We don't have a crystal ball, but today's market is as interesting due to the future.

After 5 years, the used car will probably be a 9-year-old candidate for the junk heap. But the VW will probably just be reaching its prime.

Check the classified ads and you'll find 5-year-old VWs selling for \$400 to \$900, depending on the shape they're in!

But you can do much better than that. Don't sell your VW at all.

(Think of the money you'll save by driving it for another 5 years.)



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue a year free, by Time Inc., 740 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611; Principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linn, President; G. W. Brantingham, Treasurer; Rutland Bates, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized an second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscribers \$7.50 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all other \$10 a year.

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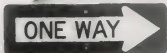
Next week

SIDDEEN SAM McDowell is baseball's best young pitcher. He is also one of its most confusing theorists. Jack Mann reports on the fireballing southpaw, a thinking man's thrower.

SO BRO has the Indy 500 grown that qualifying trials have become a separate major event—emotionally charged and heavily attended. Bob Ottum reports the crucial first weekend.

GARY PLAYER, defending U.S. Open champion, makes more than \$500,000 a year, but he yearns for a quiet life in his native South Africa. John Underwood visits Player at home.

4



Go Go Go

Shift into fashion high when this signal flashes at you. Get up and go with "Panel" by Jerks Socks—the BAN-LON® sock worn by more than a million discerning men! Knit of "Textralized" nylon, "Panel" combines comfort, style and practicality. 23 colors! One size fits 10-15. \$1.00. Jerks Socks, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio

Jerks Socks
The Sock Of Socks





These two
golfers
won a
total of
\$121,000.75
in 1965!



The golfer on the left won \$121,000 last year. He also completed the Grand Slam of Golf with his victory in the U.S. Open. The fellow on the right won 75¢ and the first Nassau of his life at his local golf course. His victory was as important to him as the Open was to Gary Player.

WHAT DO THEY BOTH HAVE IN COMMON?

THE \$ GRIP



The most exciting and logical innovation in golf grip design ever conceived! Fast becoming the choice of winners everywhere including Doug Sanders, Joe Campbell and Sam Garnichael.

- Designed to fit the natural grip of your left hand rather than the contour of the club shaft, adding needed strength to the left hand.
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- Affords maximum hand adherence under all weather conditions



Do your hands look like this at the top of your backswing



instead of this?



Does your right hand pass your left at point of impact



instead of this?

... THEN, GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF... OR GET YOURSELF A GRIP THAT'S A BETTER FIT... THE "G" GRIP!



Available through your golf professional, your nearest sporting goods store, or direct from the factory. Home assembly kit contains everything you need including instructions for replacement of your old grip.

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☐ Home Assembly Kit at \$16.00 (includes 12" Grip, 6" Grip, 6" Grip)
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(Condominium sales include 30% sales tax)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE

THE "G" GRIP CORP. 204 Ellet St., Fairfield, Connecticut, 06424 Dept. A-118

SHOPWALK

If you are of where your Hideout is, put it on a trailer and move elsewhere.

Forget everything you ever knew about vacation housing. Forget the \$500-a-day tab just to put a roof over the heads of the family when you go skiing. Outboard Marine Corporation, a concern that manufactures outboard motors, golf carts and snowmobiles, has built a portable vacation house. Called the Hideout, it was designed by Andrew T. Kostanecki, a champion sailor and a skilled skier, to provide comfortable quarters in a 10-by-14-foot area for two adults and three children—Kostanecki's own family needs—or for four adults.

The Hideout is made of aluminum panels that sandwich polystyrene foam. Its outside walls have a baked-enamel finish, which is completely maintenance-free. On two sides there are floor-to-ceiling window walls, and one of these is a sliding glass door. The Fiberglas roof rises to a peak 10½ feet high, and this helps to give an illusion of space in the 1,720-cubic-foot area.

The utilities and storage space are very shipshape. The bathroom is a miracle of ingenuity; the shower head also serves to fill the folding sink, and the door expands to make space in which to dress. A coffee table also expands into a dining table seating eight. It is a tribute to the designer's use of space that it is possible for eight people to sit down to dinner without feeling that they are eating each other's food.

People are stowed away equally neatly for sleeping. Besides a sofa bed for two, on ground level, there is an optional sleeping deck overhead that will hold two adults lengthwise or three children crosswise.

The home weighs between 2,500 and 3,000 pounds and is designed to be moved. Once erected, it can go anywhere on a flatbed trailer. It is lifted aboard or removed by means of four leveling jacks. It can even be brought down off a mountain, set on a raft and used as a houseboat. Light and heat can be supplied by gas, electricity, or a combination of the two. It can be wired to a 110-volt system or equipped with a generator but, for real mobility, gas is preferred.

There are two versions of the Hideout: a camper type with no appliances, costing about \$3,000, and a deluxe version in varying degrees of luxuriousness that can push it into the \$4,000 range. The Hideout can be paid for like an automobile, so much down and so much a month to your friendly neighborhood Outboard Marine dealer. To locate the nearest distributor, write to Outboard Marine Corporation, 100 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.

PAMELA KNIGHT

The Strata-Bloc power secret

(Or: How Wilson Staff woods put more distance in your drives)



A chunk out of the trunk of a tree has always been a pretty untrustworthy thing to put on the business end of a golf club.

That slab of "natural" wood may contain any number of hidden "natural" flaws to weaken it and reduce its hitting power.

Happily, Wilson solved this problem years ago by introducing Strata-Bloc®, the exclusive wood construction that bonds together layers of select maple in a single, powerful club head.

Strata-Bloc actually improves on nature: It is as lively and resilient as natural wood—and it is stronger. It is absolutely uniform in balance, density and "feel". It won't warp, swell or split under normal conditions.

And it directs the tough end-grains of wood against the ball for the booming, fairway-shrinking distance today's game demands.

Strata-Bloc is 25 years old this year. It is still the only real improvement in wood head construction since the game began.

Maybe that explains why, year after year, more golfers buy Strata-Bloc than any other woods.



Isn't it time you joined the swing to Strata-Bloc?

You're not really getting good wood on the ball until you play Wilson Staff Strata-Bloc woods.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

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breeziest, laziest,
craziest way
to relax and
enjoy yourself!**



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With Touch 'n Tune Dialing.

For the Ultimate in Relaxed Listening Pleasure. Just a fingertip touch on the lever, and the dial turns, finds the next station, and tunes itself in perfectly. No fumbling. No dial turning. A pleasure during daylight hours, a marvelous conveni-

ence in the dark. Panasonic's R-1010 gives you marvelous reception and brilliant sound. Beautifully styled in jet black and silver grill. \$39.95*

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*Price slightly higher in Canada



This outside rear-view mirror is one of eight new safety features now standard on the '68 Corvair. Always check it before you pass.

Do Corvair drivers look at themselves as somebody special?

According to what our research people have turned up, they've got reason to. As a group, Corvair owners are well educated, earn above average income and have "in" type tastes. Many take a knowledgeable pride in the workings of rear-engine traction and 4-wheel independent suspension—the things that make their cars something special to drive. (A few have even been known to become a little fanatical on the subject.) But all in all those we know do a pretty good job of keeping their egos under control. In fact, they don't really behave much differently than other people we know. Except, of course, when they're driving. Ever notice? They smile more.



CORVAIR—Unusual the Chevrolet way



The \$5 Pacer
by Jiffies is
different
from anything
you've ever
worn before.
Even other
Jiffies.

The Pacer by **JIFFIES**

It looks like a loafer, feels like a slipper and comes in nine colors. \$5.00 a pair. Another fine product of Kaysee Roth.

A great new camera takes the guesswork out of fine photography



Best spots in the business world? The Spotmatic, with 1/125 to 1/2500 f/1.4 lens.

New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures.

The magnificent new Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic is simplicity itself to operate, yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do. Because it has a wealth of professional know-how built in, the Spotmatic lets you step up to the world of fine photography without forcing you to acquire and master a roomful of equipment.

The secret is a remarkable through-the-lens exposure metering system that is both automatic and uncannily precise. It assures you that you will never again lose a once-in-a-lifetime picture because of poor exposure. It gives you absolute control over the most difficult lighting situations. And it saves you time and film because you can forget about those extra shots "just to make sure." With the superb new

Spotmatic camera, you are sure **Here's how it works.** The Spotmatic's metering system reads the light coming through the taking aperture of the lens—the *same light the film sees*. Its highly sensitive cadmium sulfide sensors can't be fooled by light that does not reach the film. An ordinary exposure meter will read such extraneous light, and the result will be approximate—and often disappointing—exposures. Expert photographers know how to compensate for difficult situations, but now, the amazing Spotmatic does the work for you, giving you professional quality exposures time after time.

Fast, foolproof operation. You simply set the Spotmatic for the film you're using (color slide, color print, or black and white) and

choose a shutter speed—1/125 or 1/250 for most average pictures. Then, you compose, focus, and flip the meter switch "on." Turning the diaphragm ring will center an easy-to-see needle in the eye-level viewfinder window. When it's centered, you shoot—confident that you've made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that easy! And, you've composed, focused, adjusted lens opening and shot without removing the Spotmatic from your eye.

Lightweight, compact, and magnificently built to deliver a lifetime of pleasure, the Spotmatic has everything you want in a fine 35mm camera, yet it sells for just \$289.50. See it soon at your Honeywell Pentax Dealer's, or mail the coupon for illustrated literature. Other Pentax models start at \$149.50.

Honeywell takes the guesswork out of fine photography.



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Please send literature on the new Spotmatic to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Honeywell
PHOTOGRAPHIC



1964 FOYT



1965 CLARK



1966 ?

Two-time winner goes for three.

Racing's greatest Tiger is at it again. Having powered the last two Indianapolis 500 winners, he's set his sights on making it three in a row this year. And, if past performance means anything, he may well do it again. (Last year, 13 out of 17 U. S. Auto Club Championship Races were won with Special ENCO Racing Fuels.)

Of course, not everyone racing at "Indy" will have a Tiger in his tank. Racing teams, after all, make their own choices of fuels and lubricants. But those who end up in Victory Lane have been riding the Tiger. It's from races like the Indianapolis 500, and others all across the country, that Humble

learns new things about fuels and lubricants that can help you on the highway.

Take a tip from the winners and "Put a Tiger in Your Tank!" Fill up with High-energy ENCO Extra gasoline for top performance in your car. *Happy Motoring!*



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3 1/4"

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American Express plan	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Another major credit card plan	More than \$9.50

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

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or barely loaded,
this car
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automatically.

You never know what your car will have to carry—from a picnic basket to a two-week vacation load. No problem with Delco's **AUTOMATIC LEVEL CONTROL**. It automatically compensates for any load up to 500 lbs. over the rear wheels—keeps your car at its level best.

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Think what this means to you: increased comfort, reduced fatigue, better handling under all load conditions. Headlights stay at proper level, give a clear view of the road ahead. Your car is more versatile, more capable of tackling any task, heavy or light.

AUTOMATIC LEVEL CONTROL is a factory-installed option on 1966 Chevrolets, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs. Ask your local dealer for a demonstration today. Or, mail us this coupon and we'll send you more information.



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for 84 years.

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Back in 1882, it set a standard no other
Bourbon has managed to match. And we're
not about to change that.

We still use more of the costly small grains
to make our mash. They push up the price,
but smooth out the flavor.

We double distill a dram at a time, instead
of taking the faster big batch way.

We make our own ageing barrels, with heartland
white oak selected as carefully as the cherry flitch
used by a cabinetmaker.

And we char the barrel inside 3/22*, to obtain
the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

84 years may seem a long time to be of one mind.

But where our Bourbon is concerned,
another 84 years can pass and then
another before we'll change it.

*3/22 is the industry
standard for 100 proof
Bourbon. Other distillers
may use different
methods. Old Grand-Dad
is made in Kentucky.

This is a single-minded whiskey.



Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

Dacron®...a man's way to look great, stay neat

"Vanopress": Van Heusen's new durable press shirt with "Dacron"....a man's way to stay neater longer.

And this vigorous plaid doesn't need ironing.

Dries looking like new! The fabric.

65% Dacron® polyester, 35% combed cotton.

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About \$6 at fine stores everywhere. Just

ask for Van Heusen "Vanopress" shirts with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry



The Fish-Snitcher

The Fish-Snitcher is G.E.'s answer to the WW II walkie-talkie, only 25 years better.

It's lighter, tougher and you can work it easily with one hand.

Instead of wasting a day looking for the big ones hit-and-miss style, you and your buddy take along a

pair of Fish-Snitchers and separate.

When one of you finds where they're biting, the other one gets the good news via Fish-Snitcher.

G.E. makes two kinds of Fish-Snitchers. The Y-7000 with a 56-inch whip antenna and an effective range of 2 miles for \$59.95* a pair.

And the Y-7010 (shown at right) with a 59-inch whip antenna and a range of 3 miles for \$75* a pair.

Bonus
Snitcher



To convert your G.E. Fish into a G.E. Kid-Snitcher, Wife-Snitcher, Husband-Snitcher or Friend-Snitcher, do the following:
Take it home.

*Price subject to change without notice. Always get the best deal by comparing prices in your area.

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I drowned
12 worms.
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biting down
by you?"

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Just try not
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a parade."

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can't make
next cruise
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Have yacht washed 750-404
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petty cash
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Friday - Julie want to know*



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How to clear your mind of 6 phone numbers, 8 payment-due dates, 4 nicknames, 7 addresses, and 13 of the etceteras that haunt you at 2:00 a.m.

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Bottle featured is another exclusive of
Anheuser-Busch, Inc. No deposit, no return.

What's the best way to pour beer?

(1) *down the middle?*

(2) *down the side?*

Beer drinkers tend to fall into two groups: (1) those who pour with a flourish, smack down the middle, to get a good-sized head of foam; and (2) those who pour cautiously, down the side, to keep the foam at next-to-nothing.

The number twos think the number ones are just sloppy pourers. And the ones feel the twos aren't "using their heads."

Well... we lean toward the number ones.

If the beer is *Budweiser*, that is.

After all, Bud® is *brewed* to kick up a healthy head of foam. Those tiny bubbles are the result of our exclusive Beechwood Ageing. This is the costly way to brew beer, but it provides hundreds of tiny reasons why Budweiser is so smooth... so *drinkable*... glass after glass.

But why not try it for yourself? If you still find you don't like the foam, okay. Go ahead and let your Budweiser slide down the side.

Just so you do it often.

it's worth it... it's Budweiser®

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SINATRA SINGS. Budweiser presents "FRANK SINATRA-A Man and His Music."
A color special on NBC-TV. Sunday, May 15, 10 p.m. Eastern time, 9 p.m. Central time.



The Pacific is an old friend of ours. May we introduce you?



This is Tahiti, where they speak French with a Polynesian accent. And the accent is on good times, all the time.

Tahiti is one of dozens of places we can take you to in the Pacific and the Orient. We can take you to Hawaii, to mountains, bays and secret coves for two. To Australia, where the cities swing and the Koala bears cuddle. To Samoa, where the mountains meet the

sea head on. To New Zealand, where the trout are big and the small talk is in English. To Hong Kong, where the bargains are. To Tokyo, where everything is.

It's all very familiar to us. You see, we've been flying there longer than any other airline. We have more flights going there from the West Coast. And we go to more places there, too.

So pick your paradise and we'll get you there, in style. Just see a Pan Am Travel Agent or call us.

And wherever you go in the Pacific or the Orient, you'll know you're flying the best there is.

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World's most experienced airline

First on the Pacific
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First "Round the World"

SCORECARD

RUSSIAN REPORT

Gavril Korobkov, the Russian national track coach, is predicting that this year's men's team will be the best ever. Forget the Soviet debacle at Tokyo in 1964, says Korobkov, and take notice of the fresh young blood he has to back up established stars like Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, Janis Lusis and Romauld Klim. There is Ryemir Mitrofanov in the 800 meters, who "came so fast in our championships that there is no telling what he can do." There is Viktor Kudinsky in the steeplechase ("This year he will not surprise me with a world record"). There is High Jumper Valery Skvortsov who, at 21, has cleared 7 feet 1 3/4 inches indoors "and should go higher outdoors."

The only place Russia really needs help, says Korobkov, is in the women's events. "It is more difficult than ever to attract girls to our track and field program," he reports. "We used to be the best in Europe. Now our girls are too interested in lipstick and makeup and trying to make themselves pretty to devote their time to hard work."

THE THING

In a game at the Astrodome last week, Bill Faul of the Chicago Cubs stopped pitching in the middle of a Houston rally and glared at the huge scoreboard in center field. As he watched, a pair of hands flashed across the screen, clapping rhythmically, accompanied by sound effects blaring from the public-address system. Most of the 11,494 fans began to clap their hands, too, and Faul refused to pitch.

"Pitch," ordered Umpire Chris Pelekoudas. "Not until you shut that thing off," retorted Faul.

"Either you pitch or you'll be watching that thing show a guy taking a shower," snapped Pelekoudas.

So Faul pitched, Lee Maye doubled, the Astros went ahead, and Faul was taken from the game. So the scoreboard showed a pitcher taking a shower.

The National League put a stop to the needling of umpires by Houston's electric monstrosity—and now it is time to do the same on behalf of the visiting pitchers. And maybe someday people will stop referring to Houston as bush.

HISTORIC STAY-AT-HOME

Perry Wallace is a Nashville high school senior (6 feet 5 inches tall, 217 pounds), with an intriguing tendency to bruise his elbows on the rim of a basketball hoop. Wallace is also a Negro. Heretofore, Nashville's outstanding Negro athletes have headed north for college varsity sport. Vic Rouse and Leslie Hunter, for instance, hopped a bus for Chicago and eventually won a national basketball championship for Loyola in 1963. Now Wallace has become the first Negro to sign a basketball grant-in-aid in the Southeastern Conference—at hometown Vanderbilt University. The exodus, it appears, is beginning to end.

L'AFFAIRE ANQUETIL

There were still 25 grueling miles to go in the Liege-to-Bastogne-to-Liege bicycle race when Jacques Anquetil, the European champion from France, bolted out of the pack and disappeared over the next hill. The next time his challengers saw Anquetil, he was resting casually at the finish line where he had been awaiting them for four minutes and 53 seconds. Zur, it was Willie Mays winning the World Series with a grand slam; it was Jimmy Brown beating Green Bay on the last play of the game. *Fantastique!* said the French. *Phantastisch!* bailed the Germans. *Fantastico!* sang the Italians.

Then Anquetil refused to provide a urine sample for the race physician, and the trouble began. Ever since the death of a cyclist in the Rome Olympics, Europe has been cracking down on athletes who take zip drugs. It is now *de rigueur* in most big cycling events for the winner to offer up a specimen for analysis. "I feel that my 13 years of racing put me

above any suspicion of having to take dope to win," said Anquetil. Besides, he said, he had done what anyone who had spent almost seven hours pedaling a bicycle would do at the first opportunity. The physician was simply too late. Race officials did not see it that way. "In Belgium, the law is the law," they said, and not only was Anquetil disqualified, he was fined \$200 to boot.

After first proclaiming that he would never pay the fine—or race again in Belgium—Anquetil hired France's foremost trial lawyer, Rene Floriot, to appeal the case. Floriot eventually persuaded Anquetil to pay up, but in Europe, where a bicycle race is an international incident to begin with, L'Affaire Anquetil whipped up a storm of taunts at the embarrassed Belgians. They began backpedaling rapidly. "I consider Anquetil the moral winner," said one. But into the record books went the name of the official winner: Monsieur X.

NOTHING LIKE PITY-PAT

To the casual student of volleyball, it would appear that the Brigham Young University team is playing a different game. BYU Coach John C. Lowell, a former linguistics officer for the Army, spent six years in Japan and learned



from the Japanese that there is a lot more to it than pity-pat or even the tough spike game played by the U.S.

The way the Japanese go at it, in fact, volleyball combines elements of karate, judo and platform diving. America's poor showing in the game at the Tokyo Olympics was due partly to a casual approach and a poor defense. After four years of working on the "attitude" of his boys, Lowell now has them earnestly

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

practicing such maneuvers as the bump, in which a player dives headlong, bumps the ball with his hands just before it hits the floor and completes the play by skidding to a stop on his stomach. That, sir, is not casual. It is also good defense. Lowell has thrown in another Oriental twist called the underhand bump. The player simply keeps the ball in play by bumping it off his forearms. Simple? Lowell hammers the ball at his backcourt men at about 75 mph, and they call it the torture rack. But the underhand bump, insists Lowell, will revolutionize volleyball the way the jump shot did basketball.

Last year BYU lost to UCLA in the nationals, but watch those Cougars in this week's championships at Grand Rapids, Mich., baby—son, or you may get honorable ball shoved down your throat.

RUN FASTER—BUILD BIGGER

Increasingly, cities that are awarded Olympic Games are using them as a lever to obtain major civic improvements that otherwise would have to be deferred—or lost entirely. Munich, which won the 1972 Games last month, is the latest and most extravagant example.

Between now and October, 1972, the city, the state of Bavaria and the federal government of Germany will finance \$400 million worth of construction: an autobahn bypass around town, a new subway system, new dormitories for the university (the Olympic village), at least 5,000 additional hotel rooms and a modernized jet airport.

All the improvements were on the city's long-range planning docket. Receiving the Games put them just around the corner.

WATER BNOY

Wayne Thornton, the Mick who dutifully says "An Irishman will always beat a Puerto Rican" to help build the gate for his light-heavyweight title fight this month with Champion José Torres, is nevertheless training seriously for the bout. He is serious but a little kooky. When he practices punching, he stands neck-deep in a swimming pool and jabs the water furiously. "When I am in the ring with Torres," he says, "I will be able to punch harder and quicker without any extra effort."

Thornton is in the wacky tradition of such pugs as Primo Carnera, who bathed his jaw and hands in pickling brine to

continued

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toughen them. "I don't think it did any good, but Primo sure smelled raunchy," says Fight Manager Al Berserman.

Luigi Nova, a reflective man who challenged for Joe Louis' title in 1941, used yoga as prescribed by Gen. The Optimist to prepare for the fight. He was knocked out in the sixth round. Max Baer liked to warm up by punching the nose of a bull. "I do it because it makes me feel superior," explained Baer. Baer did become champion, but when Louis knocked him out in the fourth round of their 1935 fight he reverted to more conventional training methods.

None of this angers particularly well for Thornton, unless, of course, the Torres bout in New York's Shea Stadium is hit by a downpour.

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

Floyd Ovation was No. 4 man on the Little Rock University tennis team when he was called up for military duty in 1942. He moved back home this winter and re-enrolled at LRL. At the end of eliminations he is once again No. 4 man on the tennis team. That's not progress, but, at 42, it's fitness.

DOLPH SPEAKS OUT

Mild-mannered and placid, even when his players openly entreated him, Dolph Schayes exploded when he was fired as coach of the Philadelphia 76ers.

"I'm as good a coach as there is in the league," snapped Dolph, who was the NBA's Coach of the Year for 1966. "I think my record proved it. No other team—past, present or future could have won 55 games with the road schedule we had."

"I knew the players were saying things behind my back, and I knew what Wilt Chamberlain was getting away with [missing practice sessions, for example]. But I thought you were hired for performance. Do you really think they'll win 55 next year... do you?"

That is a question Alex Hannum, the new 76ers coach, will have to answer. It won't be easy.

LITTLE LEAGUE SLEUTH

Many critics have claimed that Little League baseball games put too heavy an emotional strain on the players. Now a physical-education instructor has shown, electrically, that the kids are not nearly as keyed up as the critics like to believe.

By fastening electrodes to the chests

continued



Ford's Quiet Man visits Switzerland:

"Amazing! Your factory-built Ford is quieter than my custom-built car!" said Herman Graber, the great Swiss coach-builder.

Ford's Quiet Man had long been curious to compare the quiet quality of the Ford XL against the famous hand-crafted Alvis Graber. Herman Graber himself was curious. Our Quiet Man snifled a real challenge here. Would Herr Graber go for a ride? **Jewohl!** Herman Graber drove the Alvis Graber, then drove the Ford XL, and made his judgment. "It is unique to see such a car come out of a factory and be so quiet... quieter than the car I custom build!"

Ford's Quiet Man explained that every angle of Ford engineer-



ing has been worked out to its logical conclusion: Quiet Quality. The front wheels "give" a little horizontally, to absorb potholes. A new-concept frame erases vibrations. Bumps get swallowed up in Ford's ultra-

soft suspension system. Result: an amazingly refined ride. Ford's optional Stereo-Tape System caught Herr Graber's eye. Our Quiet Man played him a selection from his beloved Beethoven "Wunderbar!" whispered Herr Graber. "I have never heard music go real in an automobile. Never!"

It takes a lot of ear to generate enthusiasm in a master coach-builder like Herman Graber. Quiet-test the '66 Ford at your Dealer's and listen to the sound of quality yourself.



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SLAX-MOCS

Handwritten front cover

BY THE MARCHES OF BOSTONIANS AND MANGELFOLDS

[illegible]



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of players in Maryland's Greenbelt Little League, Dr. Dale Hanson discovered that the only time a player's heartbeat increased during a game was when he came to bat. "At all other times in the games the boys generally registered only normal heart rates," says Hanson. "In fact, within three minutes of taking a turn at bat—whether he got a hit or made an out—each player's heart rate returned to normal." Hanson, who conducted the experiments out of "general curiosity," intends to turn next to parents of Little Leaguers. And that's where the emotional action is, we'll warrant.

GETCHA REM EN MEAN!

In Mexico City, we are told, tourists are now being sold cans marked "Rate Air." This is the Mexicans' own spoof of the Olympic Games hassle. Instead of just standing there being insulted as the world debates whether athletes will breathe or expire in the rarefied air, the Mexicans have decided to make it their own little joke—at a profit.

A CHAMPION'S COLORS

Indianapolis Champion Jimmy Clark drove a Lotus-Ford painted British racing green to victory last May, but this year he has changed colors. Clark's 1966 car is red—a very bright red—as are the outfits of his crewmen and the sports coat worn by Lotus Designer Colin Chapman.

It seems that STP, the oil-additive company headed by Andy Granatelli, is sponsoring the entire Lotus operation at the Indianapolis Speedway this year (cost, over \$100,000) and, when the sponsor wants the color changed, it's changed.

THEY SAID IT

• Jackie Stewart, third in the world Grand Prix racing-car standings last year, after having to take a 130-mph "rookie" test at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway for the 500-mile race: "I just about fell asleep out there."

• Mrs. Joe Bradley, asked if publicity was affecting her son Bill, freshman quarterback at Texas, who has been nicknamed Superbill: "Not a hit, but it sure is making me cocky."

• Ray Willsey, California football coach, asked if he might be wooed away by the pros: "You know that house I was renting in Orinda? Well, I bought it."

END

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THE KING FROM WIRE TO WIRE

Taking a quick lead and holding it, Kauri King won the Kentucky Derby to avenge a ranking defeat of the horse remembered as The Grey Ghost **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Until 4:32, Louisville time, last Saturday afternoon, the 92nd Kentucky Derby seemed likely to survive in the records as "the consolation Derby." Horsemen from everywhere, who converge on Churchill Downs more out of habit than anything else, complained all week that the 15 starters represented evenly matched but uninspiring survivors of a once-brilliant crop of 3-year-olds. The defection of Graustark a week before Derby Day left a gloom over all racing fans, and as they poured into the Downs on a beautiful, warm and fast-track day, the general attitude was, "We'll see a horse race and have a good time, but what is it really going to mean?"

Two minutes and two seconds after the gates sprang open at the top of the long and demanding stretch, the enormous crowd had something to go home and talk about. Nearly 100,000 watched Mike Ford's slightly

continued

As his mount widens an early lead on the clubhouse turn, jockey Don Brunfield glances back to check the field. Adrocator, who finished second, is at extreme right.

avored Kauai King lead every step of the way in the mile-and-a-quarter classic (see cover). At one time he was three lengths ahead on the backstretch, and he held off a multiple threat in the stretch to win by half a length over Ada Rice's Advocate. It was, as most Derbies have been that were condemned in advance, a wonderfully exciting race, won by the best horse.

Kauai King streaked under the wire as the first start-to-finish leader since Jet Pilot beat Phalanx a head in 1947; only 17 others have won that way. And he drew from the previously blasé crowd a deserving thunder of applause. Gradually, people discovered that they were not applauding the famous silks of some stable accustomed to Derby contention, but instead a beautifully proportioned brown colt (ridden by a jockey in unfamiliar colors) who had just avenged his sire's defeat in this same race. Thirteen years ago Native Dancer was beaten—the only time in 22 starts—by Dark Star in the 1953 Kentucky Derby.

The Derby cheers, too, were for three men, none of whom had ever before participated in the Derby but all of whom were bound by an almost fanatical devotion to their game Native Dancer colt.

The three are Mike Ford, Henry Forrest and Don Brumfield, owner, trainer and jockey, respectively, of Kauai King. Ford, a 41-year-old Omaha industrialist who has been racing for six years and who has spent some \$800,000 in that

time to build up a representative stable, paid \$42,000 for Kauai King at the Saratoga yearling sales. Tall, handsome Mike Ford did one very smart thing in his comparatively young racing career when he joined forces with Trainer Henry Forrest, now 58 and a 40-year veteran of the sport. Forrest, in turn, did himself no harm by recognizing the extraordinary skills of an unheralded yet experienced rider like Brumfield.

This trio tackled the 1966 Kentucky Derby as a well-knit team, and had fun along the way. Among horsemen, Forrest is one of the most respected and well-liked trainers in the country. As a jockey, Brumfield is one of the most underrated. He brought to the Derby team two valuable assets. "No one," said a critic on Derby Day, "is better when it comes to riding a horse on the lead. Secondly, he has ridden more than 1,000 races at Churchill Downs, and don't think that won't help him in this kind of Derby." (The day before, Brumfield had ridden Native Street, a Native Dancer filly, to a head victory in the 92nd renewal of the Kentucky Oaks, the other major race on Churchill Downs' stakes program.)

Mike Ford brought contagious enthusiasm that made him popular both at Louisville parties and around Kauai King's stall in barn 34. He is so interested in learning everything there is to know about the operation of his stable that fellow horsemen rib Forrest about

his "assistant trainer." And, whereas Forrest never in his life went looking for a press conference, Ford was eager to provide Derby newsmen with adequate answers to any and all questions. When one reporter asked Forrest if Ford would mind being interviewed, Henry snapped back, "Mind? Shucks, man, Mike will hunt you up and buy you dinner."

Still, the Kauai King team was deadly serious about its business. Brumfield, a Nicholasville, Ky. boy who has been riding since he was 11 and has been a jockey for the past 12 of his 27 years, was out daily with the King. Forrest had brought the colt along through the winter and spring campaigns with such good timing that Kauai King had won six of his eight races this year. His only poor race was the Florida Derby, when Brumfield probably was guilty of an indecisive ride that led to a fifth-place finish. But the important thing, Forrest and Ford agreed as they came to Kentucky fresh from an easy victory at Bowie over Stupendous, was that "Kauai King has come along step by step. We know we have to have a seasoned horse, and Kauai King will be ready May 7."

So right were they—so ready was Native Dancer's son—that none of the others in the classic ever really had a chance. This was partly by design, partly through plain racing luck. "We didn't plan to be on the lead out of the gate," said Ford, "but we didn't discount the possibility, either. We thought Quanta and Dominar



Suffering the one defeat of his career, Native Dancer was led to the finish by Dark Star (left) in the 1953 Derby. The day before Don Brumfield rode Kauai King in triumph, he guided Native Street, a daughter of The Grey Ghost, to a head victory in the Kentucky Oaks (right)

would set the pace." Brumfield agreed, as the victorious team sipped champagne at the winners' party later. But he added, "We may not have expected to be in front, but we knew there was a 90% chance that we would be."

That chance, of course, came at the instant of the break, when Brumfield got the King away perfectly from the 12th stall. Rushing down the middle of the track on his way to a first quarter in 22 4/5, Don cleared his field neatly before cutting to the rail and taking a comfortable lead over Quinta into the first turn. Donator, as expected, was next in line (also, as expected, he stopped on the backstretch and finished last). With a three-length lead over Quinta after a half mile in 46 1/5, Brumfield was sitting pretty and now tried to give his colt a little breather before going into the far turn. "I didn't think much about how far I was leading," he said, "except that one thing I know is if you're in front, the others have got to cover the ground you've been over."

During this first part of the race the others did not pose any threat. Abe's Hope, with Bill Shoemaker aboard, had, as Shoe put it afterward, "real good luck into the first turn, where we were well back, about 10th, but not too far out of it and in no traffic." Sceptuous moved gradually from ninth to sixth on the backstretch and seemed in an ideal spot from which to launch a challenge. Quinta had the look of a colt chasing in vain (he eventually finished 12th), and Amberoid, who as usual trailed everyone for at least the first half mile, began his run in the far turn. Until then the only surprise was that Advocate, a 17-to-1 shot, who had been well-placed all the way, was becoming more and more of a menace. At the same time the California hopefuls, Fleet Shoe and Tragniew, were ready to be counted out.

When Kauai King covered the mile in 1:35 3/5 the real excitement started, for horses do not run this fast a mile in the Kentucky Derby and hang on to win, if better horses are behind them. And now, as the large field came out of the far turn, a number of colts tried to prove that they were better. John Sellers drove Advocate to within a length of the leader and later said, "I thought I had him at the quarter pole. It was a question of whether Don's horse or mine could last. The money was all there for the getting, but we couldn't get."

continued on page 82



"The happiest hillybilly hardboist" is jockey Brumfield's own description of himself after Derby.

A DYING TEAM SCREAMS FOR HELP

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Off to the worst start in their history, the New York Yankees, once cold-blooded champions of the American League, fired Manager Johnny Keane last week and reactivated General Manager Ralph Houk, who led them in better days



On the night of his return Houk, as was always his custom, stayed close to the corner of the dugout. He had gained weight, and he was wearing

It is one of the accepted axioms of baseball life in the bad-team towns like Kansas City, Boston and Washington that when the old bus keeps breaking down the easiest thing to do is shoot the driver. Last week the once-proud, stable and well-organized New York Yankees pulled the trigger for the second time in just 19 months. After a horrendous start in which the Yankees lost 16 of their first 20 games and found themselves in tenth (yep, tenth) place in the American League, Johnny Keane was fired as manager and replaced by the man who had hired him in October of 1964, General Manager Ralph Houk. The interesting part of the matter lies not in the fact that the Yankees flew Keane 3,000 miles to Anaheim, Calif. to fire him instead of doing it a few days earlier in New York, but in the obvious

desperation of the once self-assured Yankee management. "We simply must make a change," was the official explanation for Keane's dismissal.

The firing of Keane and the attendant demotion of Houk—he is, after all, no longer general manager—ordered by Yankee President Dan Topping, forces genuine baseball fans to sit back, take several deep breaths and chuckle. The Yankees have been guilty of many things in the past. They have been cold, arrogant and ruthless. They have been correctly accused of forcing their advantages by muscling little people around. But last week they were guilty of the one thing nobody ever imagined them capable of: panic. Once upon a time the New York Yankees looked down upon a world in which the words "simply must"

were always spoken by others in baseball but never by themselves.

Houk, who has a four-year contract estimated at \$70,000 a year, is an excellent manager and probably a more inspiring one than Keane, but this does not mean that Keane was a bad manager. Johnny Keane, unfortunately, was merely the guy who was driving the old bus when it broke down—the one that Houk was unable to repair in his three years as chief mechanic.

Now that Houk is back in charge he faces exactly the same problems that Keane did in that 1) the true talent in the New York farm system is still young and not yet ready to play in the major leagues and 2) in any trade negotiations, the Yankees must deal off the top of the deck and try to shed some of their aging,

continued



uniform No. 57 (he used to be 35), but otherwise it was just like old times—the Yankees beat the Angels and then beat them again the next day.

high-salaried performers in return for untried material.

No longer does the pinstriped Yankee uniform intimidate the opposition. Some people maintain that as far back as 1963, when Houk last managed and lost the World Series to the Los Angeles Dodgers in four straight games, the Yankee dynasty was at an end. Several other teams in the league have since gone out and built strong farm systems and paid high bonuses to make themselves respectable, and Houk's detractors maintain that his biggest mistake as general manager was his failure to sign Rick Reichardt (the lost him to the California Angels). A Reichardt today might be the answer to many of the Yankee problems, for he bats with power, plays the outfield and possesses the star quality that could put the Yankees back in business.

On his returning to active managing, Houk suggested that the Yankees could still win the pennant—but if he is capable of bringing the team back as far as the first division he will have done a remarkable job. No team in the American League has ever been as far behind as the Yankees were last week—12 games—and won a pennant. Realistically, therefore, Houk's chances of finishing first are nil.

The Yankee management, fans, Houk and Keane alike came out of spring training with high hopes that this year's team would be able to shrug off last year's injuries and rise to the top of the American League standings again. At worst they assumed that the club would be a contender throughout the season. But the problems of 1965 lingered and even multiplied. Mickey Mantle had trouble hitting left-handed, and Roger Maris played uninspired ball. In other Yankee times a bugle would sound and some spear-carrier would trot out of the dugout, hit .420 for two weeks, pick fly balls off the fences and drive other contending teams crazy. But the bugle that sounded and went unheard in 1965 produced the same result during the first month of this season. Desperate measures were tried. Tom Tresh, one of the best left fielders the Yankees have ever had, was shifted to third base. Third Baseman Clete Boyer was made shortstop. Nothing helped. During those first 20 games the Yankees were pitiable. The depths to which they had sunk were painfully advertised in the series with the Indians in Yankee Stadium last week.

For eight innings of the opening game, Cleveland's Luis Tiant, a right-handed pitcher with sad brown eyes and a sharp chin, had huffed and puffed through rain and cold to arrive at the bottom of the ninth with a 3-0 lead and the top of the Yankee batting order awaiting him. If you respect history even slightly you know exactly what fate awaited Luis Tiant at that point. With two on and two out Tiant threw a bad pitch to Joe Pepitone. Joe's eyes resembled two saucers as he swung his bat, and well, you know how history handles that situation. The ball goes for a home run, the Yankees win, and the stake is forever hurled in Luis Tiant's proud Cuban heart. Not this time, however. The ball did go into the stands, but went foul by inches. Pepitone stood near first base with his fists clenched and his eyes raised toward heaven. Among the few printable words Tiant heard Pepitone say were, "Give me another chance!" Cleveland did. Pepitone hit a fly ball, and the Indian infield and outfield, between which there is a Stone Age communication system, converged. Go back to history and . . . wrong again. The ball did not drop, because even though infielders and outfielders rammed into each other, Leon Wagner, of all people, held onto it.

But even before the series with Cleveland the Yankees had been consistently guilty of all the sins that American League teams of the past used to commit against them—wasting well-pitched games, dropping relays, falling in the outfield, letting fly balls drop that should have been caught. By the time the Indians had left town the Yankees had compiled a record against first-division teams in their own ballpark—dating from the start of the season in 1965—of 17-38. In enemy clubhouses and dugouts people were mocking the Yankees and so were the newspapers, radio and television stations.

Two weeks ago, for example, Harry Caray and Jack Buck, who announce the Cardinal games in St. Louis (where they have little to cheer about themselves), let the Yankees have it. Caray: "You know the Yankees are one and 10 and drew only 3,300 people today?"

Buck: Break up the Yankees!

On the *Tom Harmon Show* on ABC you could hear, "The Yankee win streak was stopped at one straight as the Wash-

ington Senators beat New York two to nothing," and Bob Teague on NBC-TV followed one defeat with, "Even the weak teams in the American League are now strong enough to manhandle the Yankees." Frank Gifford, the former football giant, announced over CBS one evening, "New York still has a baseball team in the cellar, and it is not the Mets." And Bill Vecek, the old Yankee-hater, looked at the Yankee situation wryly. "I know they can't be this bad," said Vecek, "because I've never been that lucky in my life."

The frustrations the Yankee team has endured this season have been both fascinating and horrible to watch. Keane stood one night last week watching Mickey Mantle take batting practice left-handed. As always, Keane was friendly and considerate, but he seemed to have aged tremendously since he left Gussie Busch with just a kiss of the hops 19 months ago. "You really can't believe the type of batting slump we have been in," Keane said. "When we get men on base we just seem to leave them there." As Keane spoke, Mantle was having a bad turn in the batting cage. He was hitting the ball, but that old Mantle power was no longer there. He grimaced in pain, flipped his bat disgustedly to the ground and walked slowly to the clubhouse.

The quality of Yankee hitting is best demonstrated by the fact that during the first four weeks of the season a rookie, 22-year-old Roy White, led the team in every offensive category including home runs—three. (Mantle has hit none. Roger Maris and Elton Howard one apiece.)

Lately, Whiney Ford has been seen sitting in front of his locker, long after everyone else has left the clubhouse, staring at nothing in particular. Maris pops up with runners in scoring positions and hits his batting helmet with his fist like a handball player serving.

The fall of the team has been matched by the disappearance of Yankee fans. Attendance at Yankee Stadium last year dropped to a 20-year low of 1,213,552, and without the benefit of two "bat days," the annual Oldtimers Day, a "cap day," a Mickey Mantle day and three games transferred to New York from Baltimore because of late-season postponements, Yankee attendance would easily have dipped under one million. This season Yankee attendance is already down 23% from last year.

This year's spring training attendance provided the first severe shock to the American League. Partly because the Yankees did not come off a pennant-winning season but primarily because Mickey Mantle was unable to start most of the games, exhibition crowds dropped 50%. Already this season there are indications that New York is not going to be able to draw as it once did on the road because, contrary to popular belief for years, people do not really want to see the Yankees when they are bad. Last year, when Mantle was unable to play a series in Washington, the Senators noted a drop of 20,000. Says Dick Foster, the ticket manager of the California Angels: "Mantle can attract an extra 15 or 20,000. Yes, even on one leg and with only one arm."

There have been almost daily rumors that CBS, discouraged with the way its investment in baseball is turning out, is about to take active charge of the team. Dr. Frank Stanton, the president of the network, denies it. "The Yankees," he said the other day, "are Dan Topping's baby." (Last week Dan made his first baby, Dan Jr., the interns general manager.) It is, of course, wise for CBS to stay out and let baseball people run the Yankees, but if the team continues to lose and the crowds continue to thin the network is certain to step in to protect its investment. Currently the Yankees are trying hard to promote their product, and they are trying to get youngsters to go to Yankee Stadium. This season there will be bat, ball and cap days and nights for towns in nearby areas. But as everyone knows, winning is still the greatest stimulus to attendance. If the New York club continues to be as dismal as it looks right now, many people who buy season tickets to get a crack at World Series tickets will go elsewhere.

The trouble with the Yankees is not harmonica solos or fights in Fort Lauderdale or first basemen missing buses or a night on the town in the Newark Airport. Nor will the Yankee problem be solved by the replacement of Keane with Houk. As noted earlier, the problem lies in the fact that other farm systems are producing better players than the Yankee system—players who are ready now. The appointment of Houk as manager may rally the old Yankees briefly: indeed, they won their first two games for their old manager—but the days of victory are gone.

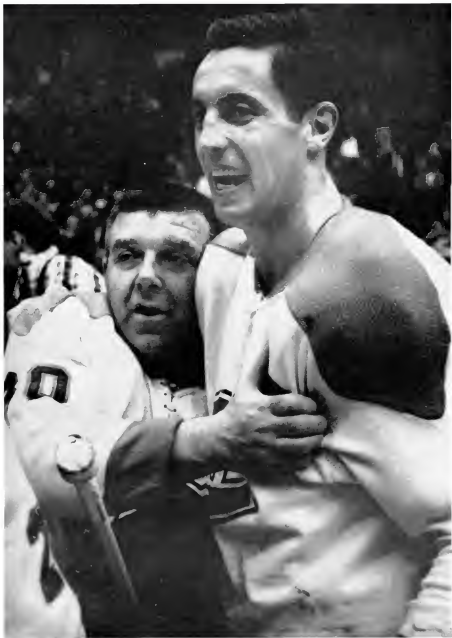
END



As new Yankee manager, Keane (left) was smiling after he accepted Houk's offer in 1964.



As ex-Yankee manager, Keane turns away grimly as his former players leave the clubhouse.



After a feeble start, in which they dropped the first two games to the fourth-place Detroit Red Wings, Montreal's Canadiens went on to win the Stanley Cup for the second time in a row and the 13th in National Hockey League history.

by MARTIN KANE

HABS HOLD A TORCH BIEN HAUT

A placard mounted high on the wall of the home-team dressing room at the Montreal Forum proclaims heroically: "*Nos bras levés vous tendent le flambeau. A vous, toujours, de le porter bien haut.*" Beneath this message are pictures of some of the greatest Montreal Canadiens of the past—Georges Vezina, Joe Malone, Aurél Joliat, Howie Morenz, Maurice Richard, Sylvio Mantha, Herb Gardiner and Newsy Lalonde. And, as is the custom in bilingual Montreal, the message is repeated in English at the bottom of the sign: "To you with failing hands we throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high."

Last week—after a faulty start in which their own hands seemed to be failing—the Habs of 1986, neither the first nor the worst of the teams to represent Montreal in National League hockey, did indeed hold the torch high by beating Detroit four games to two in the Stanley Cup playoffs.

The ability to come from behind is one of sport's most admired qualities, and the current crop of Canadiens showed they had it in surplus after losing the first two games of the final cup

series—and on their home ice at that. After that less than lustrous start, they outskated, outhit and outfinessed the Wings with some of the best hockey seen in many a year. In the final game, the sixth of what could have been a seven-game series, they had to go overtime to do it, for the Red Wings, playing with the sporadic inspiration that was their mark throughout the series, caught up with a 2-0 lead to tie the score at the end of the third period.

What happened at that point is told in as many versions as there were players on the ice to tell it. The referee's version was simple: at 2:20 of the sudden-death overtime period Henri Richard, the talented Canadian forward, put across the game-winning, series-winning goal in one way or another.

Others said that Richard, sliding on the ice, pushed the puck in with his body. Richard's own version, which may be the most authoritative, is that Montreal Wing Dave Balon "passed the puck out from the corner, and as I was going to hit it someone tripped me. The puck hit my knee and went in."

But, said Detroit Goalie Roger Cro-

zier, principal victim, "Richard pulled the puck in with his hand. It should have been no goal at all." He was backed up in this by Bert Marshall, Detroit's rookie defense man, who was on the ice at the time. "I know one thing," Marshall said. "Richard didn't shoot it in. The pass from the corner [Balon's] hit my stick and dropped in front of the goal—right in front of Richard."

Tense situations often tend to breed strong language in strong men, so who can blame Detroit's Bill Gadsby if his comments on the disputed goal were somewhat salty?

Bill has played in the National Hockey League for 20 years without ever getting his name on the Stanley Cup. A shot by Canadian Forward J. C. Tremblay broke his right big toe in the fifth game last week. His body bore a dozen bruises, and he had a thigh wound, too. Not to mention a cut muscle in his right forearm. As he sat soaking his broken toe in ice water and contemplating the Red Wing defeat in the Detroit dressing room, Bill mused, "If Richard killed the bastard into the net you don't mind, but you hate to lose like

Continued

Pudgy Goalie Bump Worsley and long, lean Team Captain Jean Beliveau hug each other on the ice in celebration of the Montreal Canadiens' victory.



Playing on home ice was no guarantee of victory for Habs goalie Gump Worsley (above) or his Detroit counterpart, Roger Crozier (below), who won trophies as best player in the series.



that. Well, what the hell, it's not the end of the world."

The Red Wings, in truth, had very little to complain about, considering that they had finished fourth among six teams in the race for the league title, which was won by the Canadiens. What made it so hard was that the Wings had reared up in the cup semifinals to eliminate the Chicago Black Hawks, who had finished second in the season race, and so got a heady taste of victory. But Montreal had previously knocked out the third-place Toronto Maple Leafs in a fantastic four straight games, and seemed a clinch to win it all.

Before facing Detroit in the finals, Montreal had a 10-day rest, and there was speculation over whether this would be good for them or bad. As it turned out, the long layoff had dulled the sharp, competitive edge that had carried the Habs victoriously through the 70-game regular season. Even with the presumed advantage of playing on its own ice, Montreal turned the 13-to-5 odds topsy-turvy by dropping the first two games to the fired-up Red Wings.

The hottest man on the ice in those games was Roger Crozier, the Detroit goaltender. A little fellow, Crozier looks vastly more like an amiable clerk than a hard-nosed goalie, but his deftness and courage as he stood up to and deflected 100-mile-an-hour slap shots had Montreal fans gasping and Montreal players dismayed. His saves—33 of them in that first game alone—were often spectacular, and, though they failed to earn ultimate victory for his team, they earned Roger the Conn Smythe Trophy (worth \$1,000 and a Ford Mustang) as the outstanding player in the series.

The 24-year-old Crozier has one advantage over his opponents. He is the only goalie who holds the stick with his left hand and catches the puck with his right. In the heat of play this can be very confusing to a shooter accustomed to right-handed goalies. In the first game only two Canadiens, Ralph Backstrom and Terry Harper, were able to overcome this hazard, while three Red Wings scored on Gump Worsley.

And it was much the same in the second game, which Detroit won 5-2, a fact that enraged Montreal's easily riled Coach Toe Blake. Blake's explanation: "We were plain lousy." But Crozier was plain great.

Shattered and shamed by two losses

continued



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on their own ice, the Canadiens now had to go to Detroit's Olympia Stadium in uneasy consciousness of the fact that in two years they had won only two games on the Red Wing ice.

It turned out, however, that they won two more before the series returned to Montreal. While the Red Wings unaccountably abandoned the hard-hitting tactics that had won them six of the eight previous playoff games against Chicago and Montreal, the Canadiens snapped back into their old form as the fastest skating team in hockey. The brilliance of Montreal's Jean Beliveau and Henri Richard returned. Whenever a Detroit player had possession of the puck, a Montreal defender was unshakably with him all over the ice. And though Crozier played his usual fine game, Montreal Goalie Worsley outshone him. In the final minute of the third game's first period Canadian Captain Jean Beliveau, now indisputably the finest center in pro hockey, reached out his stick and snatched the puck from Alex Delvecchio, then slithered his way to the goal, faked Crozier out of position and shot the puck home. The Montrealeers won that one 4-2.

It became apparent in this game that two of the Detroit stars, Veterans Gordie Howe and Delvecchio, were not playing with their customary skill. Howe scored but one goal in the series, thanks to superb guarding by Canadian Left Wing Gilles Tremblay. That one goal was made when Tremblay was not on the ice. Howe seemed slow, and Delvecchio was neither making plays nor forechecking with his usual diligence. Gordie, once the greatest all-round player in the NHL, will surely score 25 goals or more next season, but he is no longer the Howe of old. After 20 years in the league, and at age 38, there is no reason to expect him to be.

A somewhat younger Detroit disappointment was Bryan Watson, known during the semifinals as Superpest because of the way he had clung so effectively to Bobby Hull of the Black Hawks. In the second game of the finals Watson effectively teased John Ferguson, physical star of Montreal's sweep against the Maple Leafs, into an elbowing penalty that cost Ferguson two minutes in the box. While he rested there, the Red Wings, trailing 1-0, tied the score. But in the second period three Canadiens—Dickie Duff, Jean Guy Talbot and Henri

Richard—took runs at Watson and, it seemed, were more intent on defusing Superpest than beating Detroit. They lost the game but defeated young Bryan, who was thereafter not nearly so effective as he had been.

In game three Coach Blake brought 27-year-old Right Wing Leon Rochefort up from Quebec, where he had played all season, to replace Claude Larose, a fellow who does not back-check and of whom Blake has said, "Sometimes that boy won't listen to common sense." Rochefort played extremely well. Not a great offensive threat perhaps, but he covered his wing at all times and made few mistakes.

Norm Ullman put the Red Wings ahead 1-0 in the first period of this game with an unassisted goal, but Toe Blake was infuriated because he claimed (and some less partial observers agreed) that Bruce McGregor of the Wings was in the goalie's crease on the play. But Referee John Ashley ruled the goal good.

In the fourth game Detroit came close to disaster. Under Canadian pressure, Crozier made a couple of his more extraordinary saves, then was jammed against a net post by his teammate, Leo Bown, and Montreal's Bobby Rousseau. The goalie's left knee was wrenched and his left ankle twisted. Unable to rise unassisted, he was lifted up and helped off the ice, his left leg dragging. He was replaced for the remainder of the game by Hank Bassen, who had played in fewer than seven full games all season. It appeared then that Crozier might be out for the rest of the playoffs, and with Crozier gone the Red Wings seemed to develop an excess of caution. They went 13 minutes without a shot at the Montreal goal, but in the next game Crozier was back in the nets, and the Wings were shooting once again.

In that same fatal fourth game Gordie Howe got penalized for tripping Jean Beliveau against the boards. Howe protested the penalty vehemently, even to the point of jostling Referee Art Skov, who might have imposed a 10-minute penalty but refrained. Punishment enough was the fact that, with Howe out of action, the Canadiens tied the score at 1-1, when Beliveau deflected J. C. Tremblay's blue line shot over Bassen, who never had a chance. Ralph Backstrom made it a 2-1 victory with a backhand shot, and Montreal returned to home ice with the series tied. In the period before, Backstrom had

been benched because Blake did not think he had been guarding Ullman sufficiently well. "It's funny," he said, "how you can go from champ to chump in five seconds."

Thereafter the Canadiens were simply unbeatable. After that two-loss start they made it four in a row, and the desperation of Detroit was seen clearly in the fifth game, when in the first period Coach Sid Abel tried out eight different line combinations, none of which worked too well. The result was a resounding 5-1 victory for Montreal and a clear intimation that those first two Detroit victories were flukes. The Canadiens, fielding almost exactly the same team that won the cup last year, skated brilliantly. Their three centers flew over the ice, and when they are like that no team can beat them. Granted, they were forced into an overtime period when an aroused Detroit overcame a 2-0 lead in the final game to tie it up, but then Richard made his disputed goal and the cup was Montreal's for the second year in a row and for the 13th time since the formation of the National Hockey League in 1917.

The Canadiens chartered a train to take them back to Montreal and, while Coach Blake locked himself in a room with team executives, the players made the night riotous with champagne, whiskey and beer. "Toe is a strict man with us," explained J. C. Tremblay, whose virtuosity in this series made him a prime contender for the Smythe trophy, "and he doesn't like to see all this, so he stays away and lets us have our fun."

At the Montreal station there was a mob of greeters, but the players quickly pushed their way through so that they could go to Henri Richard's bar for "breakfast and bloodies." (A bloody is a combination of beer and tomato juice and is recommended for none but hockey players.) Toe Blake owns a bar, too, and the Canadiens contemplated spending most of the next day there.

This was Toe's seventh Stanley Cup and, since he is not a man to take the worries of competition lightly, he is considering retirement. So, for that matter, is Detroit's Coach Sid Abel, but, with the league expansion impending and a dearth of competent and experienced coaches about, both may yet be talked into sticking around for a while. If so, you can be sure Stanley Cup play will be lively for at least another season or two.

END

For more years than most of us will live, Joshua Green has been shooting in the sloughs and coves of Puget Sound. Although he is now a banker, his heart is still on the water where he spent his youth *by* ROBERT CANTWELL

NEMESIS OF THE BLACK BRANT



On these spring days along the more remote shores of Puget Sound you can sometimes hear a drowsy, contented, mumbling and chuckling sound coming in with the tide. It is produced by a raft of black brant, feeding on eelgrass somewhere offshore before they take off for their nesting grounds in the delta between the Kuskokwim and Yukon rivers in Alaska. Some experts say the sound is a crunk and others describe it as more of a grrr, but they agree that it is mellow, good-natured, pleasing and altogether unlike the sound produced by any other goose.

Sportsmen recently have come to consider the black brant the most important goose in the Sound region, which is something of a waterfowl paradise. A good part of this importance stems from the fact that little is known about the bird. There were never very many of

them, even before the coming of the white man. This spring there are only 157,000 known to exist in the whole world. Hunters are still allowed to shoot them, but few are killed. The best-known black-brant hunter is Joshua Green, the dean of Seattle bankers, a venerated oldtimer in the Northwest, who epitomizes this tenacious, persistent, single-minded and dedicated hunting clan.

Not long ago Mr. Green was shooting at a duck club on Padilla Bay some 50 miles north of Seattle. There prevailing winds come down from the snowy Olympic Mountains in the west, kick up sizable waves and swoop up the snow-covered slopes of the Cascades, which you can see as a maze of alabaster peaks a few miles away in the east. Mr. Green made a perfect kill. His chauffeur rowed out after the bird. Then he had to fight the wind and waves for half an hour to

get back to shore. Joshua Green downed another black brant and rowed out into the waves himself.

This would be fairly routine brant-shooting experience, except that Joshua Green is 96 years old. He has been hunting black brant on Puget Sound every year for 80 years. He goes to his office every morning at the People's National Bank on Fourth Avenue in Seattle, plays 18 holes of golf every week during the summer and is looking forward to taking his 28-gauge Schilling and going out when the black brant come back next fall. He is a ruddy-cheeked, long-featured man with thin white hair who speaks with a slight southern accent—he was born in Mississippi in 1869—and wears neatly tailored suits and high stand-up collars such as one sees in pictures of Charles G. Dawes. He makes you think of the characters Nash Buckingham wrote about in *Game Bug* or *Mark Rusk* or *De Skoutin'est Gren'nan*, and in fact Nash Buckingham is an old friend of his.

He is a little embarrassed about rowing for half an hour to bring in a black brant he shot. "A gentleman doesn't retrieve his own birds," he said, smiling, "but with the swell that rolls there, sometimes a dog just can't go in. And we have all kinds of dogs, of course. If it's a day when a dog can't go out, we use a flat-bottom skiff. Generally, if you go out, it's after a wounded bird. When you row out, you drift with the wind and then have to row against the wind to get back, and all this without a chance to rest. It can be a real strain."

When the committed black-brant hunters in the Pacific Northwest gather in their driftwood blinds they include judges, bankers, the presidents of colleges, the heads of department stores, many of the community benefactors who head fund-raising drives for worthy causes and many of Seattle's elder statesmen. Probably no bird in history has ever been shot at so exclusively by distinguished men in the upper-income brackets. The season runs into February and provides the only waterfowl hunting until the next fall. The black-brant hunters assemble with dignified heartiness at such places as the Swinomish Duck Club near Swinomish Slough or the San Juan Farm Association Duck Club at Dungeness Spit on the Strait of Juan de Fuca. If a flight of black brant does come in, every shot fired may come from

continued





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TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Puget Sound	Recent Golfpub- Use Golf
LOS ANGELES...	41	35
SAN DIEGO ...	42	33
RING CROSSBY ...	130	54
LUCKY DRAW ...	55	29
PALM SPRINGS ...	27	23
PHOENIX OPEN ...	40	33
FUSION OPEN ...	72	27
PGA SENIORS ...	220	57
PENSACOLA ...	54	35
DORAL OPEN ...	39	36
FLORIDA CITRUS OPEN ...	50	34
JACKSONVILLE OPEN ...	63	37
GREENSBORO OPEN ...	66	32
MASTERS ...	28	21
AZALEA OPEN ...	66	33
TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS ...	6	4
DALLAS OPEN ...	70	20
TEXAS OPEN ...	62	29
TOTAL	1,000	600

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BLACK BRANT Continued

someone in *The Directory of Directors*.

Not that they shoot very many. Last year the prominent sportsmen of the San Juan Farm Association Duck Club shot only nine black brant, though they accounted for 261 ducks. (In the past 15 years they have shot a total of 309 black brant, while they got 6,437 ducks in the same period.) Alert and suspicious when crossing land, the brant come in fast and low on quiet wings, giving no warning of their approach. They can fly faster than any other geese and have been clocked at speeds at 62 miles an hour. They are relished by gourmets, who have relatively few opportunities to savor the excellent flavor. The chance to hunt them serves as a sort of a day off for civic leaders from the burden of being respected, successful and distinguished.

Conversely, however, if anything happens to a black-brant hunting party it may take on the proportions of a community disaster. "You forget," said Joshua Green. "Part of the beauty of sport and the spontaneity of sport is in the self-forgetfulness that comes with it. It's a common thing to wing-clap a China pheasant and have it run and unconsciously run after it. I've seen many a man running along after a China pheasant, trying to keep up. They can run faster than you can. It is the same with brant. There's the excitement and the exercise, the excitement of the shot in itself and then your desire to get your bird, and it may all lead you to try to do more than you should do."

What was it like to hunt black brant on Puget Sound 80 years ago? Joshua grew somewhat pensive, as if he considered the question at a tangent from the real issues involved. He began hunting bobwhite quail with an old muzzle-loading scatter-gun in the ruined plantations around Jackson, Miss. after the Civil War. "When a boy finished with marbles, tops and kites," he said, "he began to shoot quail. It's the sportiest little bird in the world. Few birds will lie as close to a dog as a bobwhite quail."

Joshua Green's father moved to Seattle for the least likely reason: the rains in the Northwest. He was a pioneer advocate of hydroelectric power and believed there would always be abundant waterpower there. At 17 young Joshua got a job as a purser on the *Henry Bailey*, a shallow-draft stern-wheeler. "I don't

like to say too much about what it was like in the old days," he said. "It might give a wrong impression. But we were after meat." The *Henry Bailey* was especially built to go up the shallow, narrow sloughs to get loads of hay and oats from the farmers. "I had a 10-gauge Bonehill," Green said, "a breechloader, and I kept it in my room. We had to wait for the tide to get into the sloughs. If a wind was blowing, we had to wait before we could come out. In a hard wind we would stay in a slough all day through nearly a whole tide. And I would go down behind the dike and come up over the dike and shoot enough ducks to last our crew for several days. I don't like to say how many I shot. I don't think I ever shot more than 50 at any one time."

On Padilla Bay and Samish Bay and Fidalgo Bay the tide goes out a mile or more, and the floor of the bay becomes a level, shimmering, filmy glaze of water. "When the tide went out in places like that," he said, "the little clams and the little crabs and the little shrimp and all the marine worms would go under the mud to protect themselves and to keep wet. And when the tide came in the whole bay would become alive, just burst into life, the clams spouting and the shrimp moving and the crabs coming up. And the ducks would come in with the tide. They fed right along the waterline. You could see them for miles, right on the edge of the water, moving in steadily as the tide came in."

This spring the quiet creak and grrr sounds of the northbound brant are perhaps more meaningful to Joshua Green than they have ever been in the eight decades since he first heard them. Mid-May, when the brant depart, is the scheduled time for the dedication of a fountain he has given the city of Seattle. The fountain, which is the biggest in the Northwest, is part of a waterfront beautification project and is located near his old steamship office. "*Dum riñuwa manna*," said Mr. Green. "While we live, let us live." That is to be part of the inscription he has written to be placed on the fountain. In Seattle it is said that he has used this Latin phrase as the closing of his letters for the past 75 years, but he denies this. He has used it only on some letters.

One of the remarkable things about the black brant is that through all the changes that have taken place on Puget

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Sound in these past 80 years the birds' schedules have not changed at all.

After the first freeze-up in September they arrow across the north Pacific, flying with short, energetic wing strokes, flying so closely together their wingtips seem almost to touch. The line undulates, birds in the middle rising or descending, with the movement repeated along the line, like the wave of a pennant in the wind. They migrate in what amounts to three separate divisions, about half the total going to uninhabited coasts in the wildest parts of Baja California.

Hunters soon began to draw practical conclusions from the signs of the black brant's powerful social instinct. Not only were they always gossiping, but a small flight seemed to be irresistibly attracted to a larger flight passing by. Even during a storm a small group could increase its speed to overtake a mass formation as much as half a mile ahead, driving with faster wingbeats and spurts of speed until the gap closed. Then it was learned that a small flight seemed to find it impossible to pass a larger number of decoys, though here innumerable factors entered: the height of the tide at which the brant just then were feeding, the arrangement of the stool of decoys and knowledge of the way in which the detached small flocks might fly.

Last year Arthur Einarsen, a Fish and Wildlife biologist, put together a lifetime of observation in *Black Brant, Sea Game of the Pacific Coast*, the first book on the subject. He found a key to the brant's behavior in its "benign tie to its kind." If these fast-flying and low-flying birds veer at the sight of an ambusher, they veer as a unit—which often enough these days brings them over a shooter in a second blind awaiting that maneuver. After one has been shot the others may still fly near, which has led some brant hunters to consider them stupid. Not so. Their talkativeness and their joining of flights in the air are aspects of an all-powerful social instinct still operating after the death as it operated to draw them to the blind.

Numerically brant are inconsequential. A few years ago the Washington State Game Department counted only 10,815 black brant out of a total of 1,125,077 mallards, pintails, Canadian geese and other waterfowl. But, traditionally, as part of the folklore and color of the region, they are powerful influences shaping the common impression of

continued

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BLACK BRANT CONTINUED

its wildlife. Rare as they are, you can see them often in the late spring, not long before they leave for the North, big black birds with brilliant white collars, riding high in the water, above the hell-divers and butterballs. Their speed as well as their voice makes them memorable. Along the shore, even near the city, a flock of half a dozen suddenly passes by no more than head-high above the water, racing in an explosive, purposeless sprint that has something exhilarating about it and makes the gulls and ducks and slow-moving birds appear to be stationary in the sky.

On May 18—so runs the folklore—the black brant leave for the North. The naturalists do not agree as to the exact date, but they agree that the brant is the last migrant to leave. They assemble in remote places such as Dungeness Bay. There is much travel talk—a confused and excited clamor, growing in volume. In the still of the evening the sound mounts to a roar and the flock rises. For a few moments the discordant crowd tumult continues, and then the birds settle to their powerful flight, wings beating four beats to the second, still whispering and murmuring with a sort of wild contentment as they fly.

So they are part of the enduring image that the country projects on the imagination—that and something more. Black brant figure constantly in tales of misadventures. Last year a group of hunters got to their duck club on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where their blinds were on a crescent-shaped causeway of gravel only a few feet wide, reaching nearly a quarter of a mile into a bay. In the party were such men as Dr. Henry Schmitz, aged 72, president emeritus of the University of Washington, and his brother, Dietrich Schmitz, chairman of the board of the Washington Mutual Savings Bank, long Joshua Green's regular hunting companion, and Walter Straley, now vice-president of American Telephone and Telegraph.

In the blinds they waited for an hour while the seas built up steadily and the wind rose to a 50-mile-an-hour gale. About noon Dietrich Schmitz had had enough and he said he was going back to the clubhouse. One by one the shooters gave up and followed Dietrich's lead—among them Joseph McCarthy, the dean of the University of Washington graduate school, and William Street, the retired president of Frederick Nelson department store. Walter Straley

continued

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BLACK BRANT *continued*

decided to stay. Dr. Schmitz said, "I'll wait awhile and see if some brant won't come along."

None did. The wind increased. It was building up the water on one side of the spit and creating what was in effect an accidental dam, with the broken place its spillway. Dr. Schmitz began to wade with a dog across the broken place that had suddenly widened, with the water racing through four feet deep. The dog was swept away. Dr. Schmitz, about halfway across, began to sink to his knees in exhaustion and slid from the gravel into deep water. Walter Straley went in after him. He got Dr. Schmitz's head above water, but they were both swept half a mile out to sea. The men in the clubhouse got a boat out, but the wind carried them past the struggling swimmers. A Coast Guard plane managed to come down in time to rescue Straley, who was still holding Dr. Schmitz's head above water, but Dr. Schmitz was dead of exhaustion. And so another tragedy was added to black-brant folklore, like something out of Old World legends, except that in the Northwest such incidents are on the front pages of newspapers and involve the leading citizens.

So this spring Joshua Green does not like to talk about black-brant hunting as much as in the past. He likes to talk of such things as the Seattle waterfront and Puget Sound and the fountain he has given the city. It is being placed where it is for reasons that tell a great deal about the appeal of the region to people who, like Joshua Green, are profoundly familiar with it. In his 80 years on Puget Sound Joshua Green has come to know every inlet on the Sound. What happened was that while still an 18-year-old purser on the *Henry Builey* he talked the captain, mate and engineer into joining with him to buy a boat of their own, and hypnotized a Seattle banker into loaning him \$1,250 for his share of the \$5,000 purchase price. He then persuaded his fellow owners to elect him president of the La Conner Trading and Transportation Company. Doubling as deckhands, they probed the sloughs and inlets of Puget Sound and carried their cargoes as far as they could up the rivers into the mountains, where the loggers worked with horses and oxen. In the meantime they lived frugally on the duck and black brant that their president provided for them.

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BLACK BRANT continued

With their profits they bought more steamboats. In 1901 Joshua Green, who had in the meantime married a girl from Mississippi, merged the La Conner Trading and Transportation Company with the Puget Sound Navigation Company, the largest steamship operator in the region, and became president of the new combine. This firm had steamboats that tied up at almost every fishing village, farm town and summer resort big enough to have a wharf. As purser, captain, engineer, mate, pilot, deckhand or whatever other position was open, Green learned all that a waterfowler needed to know about the 3,000 beautiful square miles of Puget Sound.

Banking never provided him with so many chances to observe the ways of birds. In 1927, while playing golf at the Seattle Golf Club, he heard that a small Seattle bank could be purchased for \$200,000. He bought it, and during his 40 years as president (and now honorary chairman) of the People's National Bank of Washington its deposits have increased from \$2.5 million to more than \$292 million, and it is now the third largest commercial bank in Washington and the 151st largest in the nation. This record impresses him not at all. "Banking is cold," he said. "I love the waterfront. You know, the life on a ship is closer than any other working relationship there is. Everybody is your shipmate. Take that word, mate. Think what it means. First you have playmates. Then you have schoolmates. Then you have a helpmate. And on a ship you have shipmates, almost as close to you as your playmates as a child.

"But you don't have any bankmates. There's no such thing. I don't want to run down banking, but banks are cold." He paused somewhat self-consciously, as if he had made an important discovery of a weakness in the capitalist system, and it somewhat surprised him. So his mind turned again to the waterfront and waterfowl—a gallant and tireless figure trying to sum up what it was like to hunt for 80 years on Puget Sound. He had finished his inscription to be placed on the fountain, which expressed something of his feeling, dedicated to the city and its waterfront.

ON WHICH
 I WORKED SO LONG
 ENJOYED SO MUCH
 AND LOVED SO WELL
 DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS **END**

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IT'S BIGGER THAN BINGO

DRAWINGS BY MARC SIMONT

Hey, little suburban housewife in your snazzy St. Moritz stretch pants, don't pay any attention to that big bruiser behind you scratching his back impatiently—even if he is your husband. This bowling palace with its dozen or so glistening lanes, its automatic pinspotters and its magnified score sheets belongs to you as much as him. In fact, it's a place for the whole family. The really complete 1966 bowling establishment includes a pocket-size gym with stationary bicycles and deluxe saunas, a supply shop that offers pastel bowling balls and polka-dot slippers and, for teen-agers, several pool tables, a jukebox and a soda fountain. So bowl away, little lady. With all this going on, who needs bingo?





SO THE OLD FOLKS ARE USING ALL THE LANES—
THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ENDSVILLE. GO INTO THE
POOLROOM AND PLAY A FEW GAMES OF EIGHT BALL.



WHEN THE BABY IN THE GREEN PANTS PARADES
UP TO THE LINE AND GIVES IT THE FANCY FOLLOW-
THROUGH, WHO CARES WHERE THE BALL GOES?

NEVER SHOULD HAVE EATEN THAT SECOND BAG OF
ROASTED PEANUTS, BUT MAYBE 10 MINUTES IN THE
HEAT OF THE SAUNA WILL REDUCE THE DAMAGE







HE MAKES A SPLASH WITH A RIPPLE

Brad McKean glides through the water with such effortless grace that he hardly seems to be moving. He is, though, and fast, keeping ahead of other Tigerish teen-agers in hot pursuit

by COLES PHINIZY

Five years ago, in the middle of a care-free day, 10-year-old Bradford McKean of Pittsburgh announced to his parents that he had entered the three-quarter-mile cross-country run for sixth-graders at Shady Side Academy.

"Has it occurred to you," his father, Edgar McKean, asked, "that you do not even know how to pace yourself?"

"Yes," Brad McKean answered, "but some of the others do, so I will get ahead of them and try to stay there."

Using this strategy, Brad McKean won, defeating what his mother now describes as "a great, disorganized horde of hoys." In the five years since his victory in the three-quarter-mile run, McKean has tilted at a variety of windmills, gathering a few scars and a trunkful of trophies. At 12 he was a Little League pitching standout; at 13, a two-way footballer and a basketball high-scorer. As a high school freshman last year he was a first-quintile scholar (with a low C in math). This year he is vice-president of his class and, although carrying quite an athletic load, he is still jumping nicely through the academic hoop, dragging his noth behind him.

Ordinarily a promising high school student-athlete like McKean does not start hearing from college alumni and coaches until his junior or senior year. In McKean's case, the college sirens have not been able to contain themselves.

If you want to know the admission requirements of the U.S. Naval Academy or the opportunities at the University of Michigan or what the future holds for Yale men, ask Brad McKean, for he has been getting lots of letters and free literature on such matters since the middle of his freshman year. Versatile scholar that he is, McKean is being applied for by the colleges this early in his career because he is, first and foremost, a competitive swimmer.

Understandably, a college basketball coach does not get interested in a growing high schooler until the lad is tall enough to bash his head on the lintel of a door. Similarly, the football hawks withhold judgment until a prospect has packed on most of his battle weight. A baseball scout, naturally enough, cannot afford to get excited about a Little Leaguer who plays only six innings on shortened base paths. Indeed, there are only two large sporting breeds today—Thoroughbred horses and age-group swimmers—that are allowed to work hard enough to show their class while they are still young and tender. Since there is no intercollegiate horse racing—and, for that matter, no horse able to clear the 1.6 academic barrier set up for collegians—it is the age-group swimmer who gets first call from the colleges.

Last year Swimmer McKean set 13 national records in the 13-to-14 age

continued

it works

group. In the four months since he turned 15, he has been swimming faster than anyone his age has before. He has already clocked well enough in three or four events to score against any pack of collegians. At 15, McKean is a spectacular, but not a perfect, swimming specimen. His technique in the breaststroke, like his performance in math class, still needs improvement. His backstroke is satisfactory; his crawl stroke and butterfly are beautiful to watch. In the crawl McKean seems to cheat his way through the water, creating little furor while traveling fast. When he swims 100 yards in what looks like 51 seconds, by the cold hand of the stopwatch he actually does under 49.

Although McKean has only recently become a topic of general conversation around Pittsburgh, college coaches everywhere have been aware of him for quite a while. He made his first big splash in age-group swimming about three years ago, and his progress since has been dutifully noted by *Swimming World*, the aquatic monthly that serves, among other things, as talent scout for all the important institutions of higher swimming. At this very moment, while Pittsburghers are concentrating on the Pirates at Forbes Field, here and there around the country swimming coaches are down on their knees giving thanks that Pittsburgher Brad McKean has passed up baseball this spring to concentrate on swimming.

Last year, as a freshman at Shady Side, McKean won his varsity swimming letter and was rated an All-American in two events—accomplishments that are unusual, considering that Shady Side does not have a swimming coach, a swimming team or a swimming pool. Because he attends a private school, McKean is ineligible for local high school competition. He won his All-American rating and varsity letter by traveling to Lawrenceville, N.J., where he competed in the Eastern Interscholastic Swimming Championships as the sole member of a team that does not exist.

There are currently more than half a million age-group swimmers in the U.S. If McKean lived in one of the big swimming strongholds, such as Greater Los Angeles, the San Francisco area or the Florida Gold Coast, his preeminence would be easy to explain—if you build a big enough pyramid out of the vibrant, willing bodies of inexhaustible youth

you are bound to get quality at the top. As a Pittsburgher, McKean is an enigma, an exotic product of an industrial, technological city that hammers out swimming champions as often as it does laureate poets.

McKean's competitive career started eight years ago as a casual summertime affair at a local country club. In the minds of the McKean parents, Suzanne and Edgar, a 25-yard race at the Pittsburgh Field Club was something 7-year-old Brad would go for naturally, like playing ball or brawling or eating and sleeping. Brad couldn't have agreed with them less. Competing only because his older brother Ted did, in his first race Brad mounted the starting block, sweeping and placed second. The next summer, while visiting in Las Cruces, N. Mex., the reluctant duckling won a swimming double, beating the best 8-year-old country-clubbers of Las Cruces in an across-the-pool sprint (12½ yards), and then coming back to take the length-of-the-pool swim (25 yards). Within two years McKean was the top blue-ribbon winner on the Pittsburgh country-club circuit and was looking around, naturally enough, for bigger dragons.

In the country-club meets there were boys who also swam in the AAU age-group competitions. McKean usually beat any of them his age, but he was in awe of the boys because they spoke the exciting jargon of AAU-land. They wore sweat suits and used alien words like "split," "flip turn" and "pouching." Occasionally they prodded McKean. When he was trying to stoke himself up emotionally before a grueling 25-yard race, an AAU'er would casually mention that 25 yards was short, 400 yards would be more like it, or he would cluck sympathetically about how the sun could sap a man's energy. (To avoid being sun-sapped before one race, McKean hid so deep in the gloom under the stands that he did not hear the first call to the blocks.)

In 1963 a family friend, Charles Griffith, showed McKean how to get an AAU card and sent him on his way with a prophetic word. "Brad," he said, "you are now the lonely, unattached unknown in lane 6 that everyone worries about." At McKean's first AAU race—a 50-meter freestyle at Greensburg, Pa. that August—the officials did toss him into lane 6 of a heat as an untried bit of unattached ruffraff. A moment later a man jabbing a stopwatch in the stands bel-

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lowed in Mrs. McKean's ear. "Who was that boy swimming in lane 6?"

"That's my child," said Mrs. McKean. "Well, lady," the stopwatcher replied, "he just did 28.7."

Mrs. McKean was quite flattered that a stranger should take such interest. Furthermore, she thought it very kind of the officials to give a newcomer like Brad a center lane in the finals, which he won. Since Mrs. McKean seemed to be wandering around at the meet not quite comprehending the intricacy of the whole affair (and not even carrying a stopwatch), Mrs. Frank Stamar, an experienced swimming mother, asked politely, "Is this your first age-group meet?"

"Yes," Mrs. McKean replied. "Let me warn you," Mrs. Stamar said. "Your life will never be the same again."

Before the few remaining weeks of that summer were done, all the McKean's realized they had entered a different world. Spurred on by his first win, Brad McKean found another meet in a 55-yard pool in New Kensington, Pa. According to the fact sheet for the meet, warm-up period began at 8 a.m., so the McKean's rose with the sun in order to get there on time. When they arrived promptly at 8 on a cool September morning, the pool was empty. Its still, slick water stretched away for what looked like a quarter of a mile to the far end half hidden in mist. "If that is 55 yards," McKean said, aghast, "I am not swimming."

Only one other car was on hand at that early hour, a station wagon with Delaware plates. The McKean's watched with fascination as the Delawareans unloaded thermoses and other items of picnicking, along with some bedding and a full inner-spring mattress. A small boy, wearing a sweat suit and double-wrapped in towels, straightway got on the mattress and lay there motionless, as if near death.

"We had brought Brad to the meet in street clothes with nothing but swim trunks," Mrs. McKean relates. "That Delaware boy won the nude swim. We were very impressed."

Despite his lack of bedding, McKean won the 110-yard freestyle for 11- and 12-year-olds. In the finals of the event, to the horror of the experts clocking him, he did the first 55 yards in 29 seconds, then, after dislodging a foot that he caught in the gutter while attempting a flip turn, he staggered home in 38 seconds. While this was an enthusiastic way

continued

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to swim, it was very unscientific, a condition that Mrs. Arthur (Vee) Toner Jr., a knowledgeable and incurable all-sports addict and Olympic Committeewoman, was not about to tolerate. For several years she had been telling the McKears that Brad was an exceptional swimming gem who deserved polishing. At New Kensington, Mrs. Toner laid down the law: Brad McKean should work immediately under someone like Coach Allan Rose at the Pittsburgh YMHA or give up the business.

Neither Brad nor his parents doubted that she was right. Brad had been taught the fundamentals of the crawl and breaststroke reasonably well at the Pittsburgh Field Club, but everything else had come by observation, trial and error. His flip turn, largely self-taught, was a disaster. Instead of rolling with his leading arm, he dropped the opposite shoulder and brought his head—Lord knows how—under the arm. The total effect was that of an orangutan tucking itself into a prenatal hall, then, moments later, untucking. "Before Brad went to YMHA," Mrs. McKean recalls with a slight shudder, "swimming the backstroke he looked like two people paddling a canoe."

The present working combination of Brad McKean and YMHA Coach Al Rose epitomizes a basic truth of competitive swimming: if the swimmer is willing and the coach able, miracles are possible in any body of water, even in Pittsburgh's archaic YMHA pool. Al Rose is a soft-voiced young man with a nice eye for the subtleties of stroke and a capacity for continuing zeal with patience. His pool has a good deal less to offer. It is a shallow, narrow 25-yard chlorine pit of the late Weismüller period. In the winter the heating ducts suspended from the ceiling occasionally gasp and sigh, as if despairing at the impossible task of drying out an atmosphere as constantly dank as a Central American swamp. A year or so ago a weight lifter on the floor above dropped his barbell, and 35 square feet of ceiling fell into the pool. But the Y water is used hard, and that is the best criterion for judging the worth of any pool.

Rose made believers of the McKears, though they are by no means monothestic about swimming. There are still other minor recreational gods around the McKean hearth, notably, Art, Music, Light Conversation and Serious Golf. The McKears try to keep swimming in

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perspective, and this is not easy, for Brad McKean is now a marked man, a performer from whom many people perhaps expect too much. Already friends and strangers are asking the McKean parents if Brad is going to the Olympics in Mexico, as if the 1968 Games were some kind of tour arranged by the local Kiwanis Club. This sort of Olympic predestination is burden enough for a 15-year-old competitor still trying to make his way. In addition, McKean now swims with the ghost of Olympic Champion Don Schollander for a rival. Since Olympian Schollander is still very alive and still kicking a body length or more in front of McKean, this is a peculiar situation that bears explaining.

At the start of his career McKean was lucky to get fourth-paragraph mention in newspaper accounts of swimming meets. But he soon became such a consistent winner that after a couple of years of it the newspapers were almost stifling a yawn whenever they headlined a story **THREE MORE MARKS FOR MCKEAN**. Then a year and a half ago a bright Shady Side Academy boy named Al Banes came up with an angle to enliven the monotony of McKean's winning. In the *Shady Side News* Al Banes reported that, in setting a district age-group record in the 100-yard freestyle, McKean had come within .6 second of the national record held by Don Schollander. With that, the imp was out of the box. The

working press, in Pittsburgh and afloat, was soon comparing each new record by McKean with what Schollander had done at the same age.

In some accounts it almost seemed that Schollander was in the pool racing against McKean. The *Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot-News* reported excitedly, "The western Pennsylvania swimmer, undaunted by Don Schollander's Olympic form, broke the four-gold-medal winner's age-group record in the 100-yard freestyle with a 50.0." The *Charlottesville (N.C.) News* saw Brad McKean as a new giant on the earth. Noting that McKean was also an undefeated pitcher (which he was not) and in the top 1% of his class (where he has never been), the *News* declared, "It is hard to believe a 14-year-old superman exists, but if anyone qualifies, it should be Brad McKean."

By contrast, the *Evansville (Ind.) Press* saw 14-year-old McKean not as a giant, but as a plucky tot challenging a god on Olympus. Although at the time McKean was nearly 5 feet 11 inches tall and built solidly enough to walk through a closed door, the *Press* reported, "Little Brad McKean of Pittsburgh, the tyke who set the swimming world aglow last week by shattering some of Don Schollander's old age-group records, awoke the folks who braved alternating rain and heat at Hartke Pool Saturday with two more sizzling national marks."

When his age-group times are compared with Schollander's in his presence, McKean says simply, "If you want a real comparison, compare the times Schollander is swimming now with the times I am swimming now." McKean has been at the game long enough to know that today's records are tomorrow's mediocrity. In the clutter of his possessions there is one press clipping that will not let him forget it. From an Ohio paper, it tells of a 13-year-old, 6-foot 1-inch Cincinnati high school freshman, Steve Carey (an A student), who set a national age-group record of 22.7 seconds for 50 yards. By way of adding lustre to Carey's feat, the report goes on to say that the record was formerly held by the Pittsburgh whiz, Brad McKean.

"I'll have to worry about Carey if I ever swim against him," McKean says. Thus, carrying the ghosts of all rivals as lightly as possible, at age 15 Brad McKean swims on, still in pursuit and already pursued.

END



MCKEAN'S STIFFEST RIVAL IS THE CLOCK

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PEOPLE

That old UCLA halfback, 25 years away from the game, finally got back to football when **Jackie Robinson** dauntlessly became general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers—the newest franchise in the professional Continental League. Backed by Tex Merchant, Jerry Jacobs, Grover Harold Toppel and eight other businessmen, Robinson has plenty of money but so far 1) no players, 2) no coach and 3) no place to play. Apparently undismayed by such deficiencies, Robinson scheduled an August exhibition game with the league's Orlando Panthers. Says Jackie bullishly: "We are going to play some interesting football."

"The baby will be taught to swim as soon as possible, but we'll have to wait and see about competitive swimming," Australia's **Dawn Fraser** Ware promised last summer when she announced she was expecting her first child. Mum was as good as her word: Daughter Dawn Lorraine got her first dunking in a Sydney pool when she was one month old, and at 3 months (below) is learning the Australian crawl afloat as ashore.

But Dawn herself, though still the best woman swimmer in the world, is beset by a 10-year suspension for cavorting in the Palace moat, etc. during the Tokyo Olympics, and is currently making plans to become a professional coach.

Being duly satisfied with the \$18 million recreation area provided their team by the city of Atlanta, Braves Board Chairman **Bob Bartholomew** and General Manager **John J. McHale** turned thoughts to the teeming slums that all but encircle the magnificent new stadium. The Braves, therefore, have now established a Good Neighbor Program which will provide funds for the improvement of rundown neighborhood playgrounds and for the development of others. As a bonus, the team has promised the off-duty services of Hank Aaron, Billy O'Dell and a dozen other Braves to conduct playground clinics.

For England's showmen peers, who have opened their ancestral homes to the prying public to stay solvent, the competitive edge for the auxiliary attraction has become the ignoble preoccupa-

tion, Lord Montagu's antique car and motorcycle museum is envied in the people's affection, for example, by the Marquess of Bath's 50 lions, which prosaize the premises of Longleat (a pound, please, and watch your step). Now, for the more seemly cause of a church benefit, **Lord Brassey**, second Baron of Apethorpe, has inaugurated Europe's first hovercraft derby over the lands and waters of his 26-acre park. Only single-seater amateur jobs will be admitted, says His Lordship, explaining the peculiar business in which the air-cushioned vehicles slum inches above the surface. And while speed won't be important, crashing into a fence or a bale of hay will cost points.

Give me the simple life in Laroche, Pa., said **Winnie Palmer**, reflecting on the virtues of small-town ways for big-time golfers like her husband. "It's this kind of town: Once when Arnold was in a bad slump," said Winnie, "he came out of it by winning the Thunderbird tournament while suffering from an abscessed tooth. When he got home, full of victory, the first neighbor he met didn't even mention the win. All he said was, 'Hiya, Arnie, how's the tooth?'"

Having just addressed a Fellowship of Christian Athletes conference one day last summer, **Billy Graham** seized the moment to tell Daughter Anne Morrow there was one fellow in particular he wanted her to meet. Billy's match struck fire, and come September Anne will marry Danny Lotz, a member of North Carolina's 1957 championship basketball team. Meanwhile, Danny has been recruited to help Dr. Graham put on the upcoming Great London Crusade. His assignment: attract as many British athletes as possible to the revival meetings.

Are the Cowboys an asset to Dallas? Owner **Clint Murchison Jr.** thought maybe he had the answer. According to reliable figures, he told the town's ad-

vertising club, "Cowboy games were seen on TV last year by 86 million individuals and had a total rating of 173 million viewers. The word 'Dallas' was used 114 times per game, or heard 19 billion times in all." When the team signed Halfback **Bob Hayes** last spring, said Murchison, "the word 'Dallas' appeared 191 million times in foreign papers—and 41,700,000—000 times in U.S. papers." It was the kind of information only a Texan could love.

By car, canoe and on foot, and heedless of the showers, **Mary Hemingway** explored the zigs and zags of the East Fork of the Little Miami River (below), all the while deploring plans of Army engineers to build a dam across it some 20 miles east of Cincinnati. Rather, said she, the whole area should be set aside as a state or national park for the benefit of the millions living within easy reach. "Here is a river virtually unpolluted, serene and hauntingly beautiful, flowing through a delightful valley which has retained the charming character that marked it 100 years ago." In a word, said Mary, "a miracle."





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GRAND PRIX BY PONTIAC



Choked by the smother play

Despite the frequency with which the occurrence is reported in the press, the odds are that a hand in which each player comes up with a complete 13-card suit will happen once in 2,235,197,406, 895,366,368,301,559,999 deals—a number so large that bridge players with the maximum exposure to the game know they will never see one even if they spend every day at the Cavendish Club from now until 2066. Yet tournament players did see a real oddity turn up during the Spring Nationals in Louisville. It would seem at first glance to be far less exciting than a perfect hand, yet I would venture to say that the odds on the combination of circumstances

it entailed would be at least as great.

Nobody but nobody these days plays a hand in a contract of one club. In many social games a hand on which nobody bids higher than one of anything is often thrown in—a practice that is not legal, of course, but does enliven the game. In a tournament the chance that everybody will pass your one-club opening is shaved to a microscopic figure because your right-hand opponent is very unlikely to sell out to such a bid.

What happened in the Men's Team event in Louisville was a combination of a one-club contract with the rarest coup in bridge, one so rare that for many years it was known only as a problem

hand and no one had actually seen it in the table. It is called a smother play and involves the strange situation in which a player with a seemingly sure trump trick is unable to make it good. This freakish set of circumstances occurred in the hand at right.

South, Paul Portney of St. Louis, opened with a slightly irregular one club. The book bid is one heart. Many players who detest opening four-card majors would bid one diamond. One no trump—an underbid—is worth a thought but might cause trouble in different circumstances. Not a few experts would prefer the club call since it gives partner the cheapest opportunity to bid and is the least likely bid to be passed out. Likewise, not a few players holding the North hand would have given a courtesy diamond response, even though North is indeed a point shy of the usual requirements. In this case, however, North passed. East must have passed for a moment, but he simply had too little to risk a vulnerable reopening bid. So one



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NORTH

♠ K 10 4
♥ 9 7
♦ Q 8 3 2
♣ 9 8 6 5

WEST

♠ A 9 6 5 3
♥ K J 3
♦ 7 5
♣ Q 7 4

EAST

♠ 2 8 7
♥ 10 6 5 2
♦ J 10 9
♣ A 10 2

SOUTH

♠ Q 2
♥ A Q 8 4
♦ A K 6 4
♣ K J 3

SOUTH 1 ♠ WEST PASS NORTH PASS EAST PASS

club was the contract, and West opened the 7 of diamonds.

Declarer won the first trick with dummy's diamond queen in order to finesse the queen of hearts. This lost to West's king, and West continued with a diamond. South won, cashed his ace of hearts and trumped a heart in dummy. A low spade to South's queen was taken by West's ace, and West got out with a spade, won in dummy with the king. Declarer trumped dummy's remaining spade and led his fourth heart, trying for another ruff in dummy. However, West ruffed with the queen of clubs. West got out with a trump, won by East's ace, and East returned a third diamond, ruffed by West. The situation is shown below.

Obviously, East's 10 of trumps was a trick because South's king was blank.

But it was West's lead and he was caught in a smoother coup. West had to lead a spade, North ruffed with the 8, and East's "sure" trump trick vanished. If East overruffed, South would top the 10

with the king and North's 9 would win the last trick. If East undertruffed, South would discard the 6 of diamonds and win the last trick with the king of clubs.

Helped by this play, declarer made an overtrick, scoring a plus of 90 points instead of only 70, but still lost the board—at the other table two no trump was made, scoring 120. The freak hands and the slams will continue to get the headlines, but for my choice, this deal, played at the lowest contract in the game, is every bit as interesting and as rare.

END



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TRACK & FIELD / Jack Tobin

If at first you don't succeed try 33 more times

Not once in years of trying had UCLA beaten its crosstown rival, USC, in a dual meet. But Saturday the deprived Bruins finally got revenge

Since the Dodgers and Giants left New York, the greatest intra-city rivalry in sports has been UCLA vs. USC. Each of these Los Angeles schools reaps a harvest of sun-bronzed California athletes. Each school adds stars from as far away as New Zealand and Sweden. Each routinely wins national championships (USC has won more than 40 in six sports). And, except that it would end all the delightful annual bloodletting, each school would love to do a C. arthragian leveling job on the other's campus. Southern Cal is the big private school downtown with 86 years of tradition. UCLA is the big public school on the newer, more fashionable west side, with the upstart notion, often repeated, that "this is our town." The Bruins' town it was last winter. They upset the Trojan football team to earn the Rose Bowl bid and won easily in basketball.

Then came spring, the loud spring, when the USC athletic department traditionally adds two or three NCAA title trophies to the Hibber McGee clutter of its closets. In track and field, for instance, USC had won 33 dual meets in a row over UCLA. The Trojans seldom even were threatened, and as recently as 1950 they won by 109 points. But last Saturday all that was changed, and suddenly the USC spring was silent. UCLA won 11 of 17 events on the hot, windy floor of the Coliseum and beat the Trojans in track for the first time in history, 86-59. The college football and basketball champion of Los Angeles was now cock of a new walk.

The win was no upset. The track nuts, who abound in L.A., knew UCLA Coach Jim Bush was stocked to the side room with talented performers, among them seven fine athletes from alien shores. One

local sports-writer, a Trojan grad, doped out the meet and missed the final score by just one point. But USC had a dope-sheet of its own that showed how it could win 73-72. UCLA had superior marks, a Trojan claimed, only because USC had had to contend with a cold wind at Stanford, rain and fog at Cal and low temperatures at Washington.

"They may have had bad conditions," said Bush, "but we had to run against a



strong wind in San Diego, too, and all my distance runners did a great job.

"UCLA won its first Rose Bowl football game this year, and if we can beat the Trojans it will be another major first in UCLA history. It will be like the Lakers beating the Celtics. The first time we were good enough to meet USC in track was 1936. We were young then, and we stayed young a long time. We are grown up now, and we should win. The boys promised me a victory as a wedding present." Bush got married the previous Sunday to Greta Noyes.

UCLA started off well with German Traugott Glockner's first in the shotput, but the Trojans led by one point a couple of events later, after Greg Heet, a 19-year-old sophomore, won the high jump at 6 feet 10 1/4. The first big USC disappointment came in the 440-yard relay. Many experts had predicted a Trojan triumph, and Dwight Middleton, USC's fine anchor man, openly agreed. But Bob Frey, who later won the 440 in the meet-record time of 46.5, picked up ground against USC's Hutch Gibb on the second leg. Roger Wolff, running third for

USC, stumbled while taking the baton, and that seemed to destroy his rhythm. Norm Jackson, hampered by a muscle pull for 10 days, fortunately had a nice lead on Middleton. He held most of it to win by eight yards for UCLA.

Coach Bush, who at 39 looks young enough to be wearing UCLA light blue himself, was elated, but he still paced nervously up and down the infield, pulling his fingers. USC Coach Vern Wolfe, an old married man, took things more calmly, shading his face with a beige straw hat and quietly chatting with his athletes, whose dark, wine-red sweats seemed to blend perfectly with their gloomy expressions.

Middleton, who had won the 100, and Half Miler Dennis Carr did not let Wolfe down in their specialties, but even when they were winning they and the rest of the Trojans looked sad and resigned. In the 220 UCLA's Tom Jones and Bob Frey had recorded better times, but when Middleton, surprisingly, caught Jones from behind at the tape, he gave forth with no smiles, no waves. Carr trailed listlessly in the 880 but

continued

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Did Wellington shrink at the heat of Waterloo?

TRACK & FIELD CONTINUED



DISTANCE RUNNER BOB DAY LEADS THE FIELD THROUGH A RECORD-BREAKING MILE

clenched his teeth on the backstretch and beat UCLA's Dennis Breckow, seemingly out of sheer desperation.

Most of the rest was UCLA. Left-handed Marc Savage won the pole vault. Defending NCAA champion Bill Fosdick, who had vowed "to vault if it kills me," had to scratch after a few warmup swings. A tendon in his left knee, injured a month ago, was too painful. Paul Kerry, USC's NCAA high-hurdles champion, looked more pitiful than anybody. With his right heel still bruised and swollen from a fall the previous week, he grimaced fiercely while fighting his way over the 120 highs. UCLA's Ron Copeland, a romping 6-foot-4 giant, bolted past him on the outside with contrasting ease. Bush can enter Copeland in any race between 220 and 440 and expect him to win. Against Arizona State, Copeland ran the hurdles, 220 and anchored the 440 and mile relays. Only in the 220 was he forced to settle for second place in that meet.

UCLA swept the javelin, as expected, and Bruin Doug Olmstead won the triple jump as Jamaican Mahoney Samuels of USC was forced out by a two-week-old injury after his second jump.

UCLA probably could have made the score more impressive had Bush decided to have his superb distance runner, Bob Day, go in both the mile and two-mile. But Day, tired after examinations, ran only the mile, winning easily in the meet-record time of 4:00.2. Geoff Pyne, a psychology major from New Zealand, won the two-mile, but the best example of UCLA's determination was George Husaruk, a scrawny sophomore who hung onto Pyne's heels to give the Bruins

a one-two. As an exhausted Husaruk held his stomach, the public-address announcer hailed UCLA as the winner of the meet. A dozen teammates lifted him to their shoulders. Others lifted Bush and Assistant Coach Ken Shannon for triumphant rides across the field to shake hands with Wolfe.

Even the meet-ending mile relay, which had figured to be exciting, was a sad affair for USC. Troy's Roger Wolff managed to stay ahead of Bob Frey on the opening lap. That was promising. His pass to Hutch Gabb was fast and perfect. Maybe the Trojans could finish the dismal day on a winning note. Then, on the backstretch, Gabb, still leading, pressed a hand to his thigh and pulled to the side. The spectators were on their way to the exits when Copeland, running anchor, trotted to the tape.

Vern Wolfe did not cry. "Last year we lost two dual meets," he said, "yet we won the NCAA championships. Don't count us out." And there was sweeter solace. In the concurrent meet his freshmen beat UCLA by 48 points. Paul Wilson pole-vaulted 17 feet 1 inch to become the fifth man in the world to clear 17, and Jamaican Lennox Miller set a school record with a 20.6 in the 220.

But Saturday was this season, and the nicest wedding present of the year belonged to Jim Bush. "We won it," he said, "but USC didn't collapse." He was no longer nervous as he climbed into the bus that took the Bruins to a victory party in Westwood. "This makes us the top track team in the country," he added proudly. He was right. And just what would you expect from the emperor of all Los Angeles?

END



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Dance.

Now you can't, now you can

For a long time America's best gymnasts did not know whether they were eligible for the U.S. meet or not. They were, luckily

It was a year ago that the Phillips Petroleum Company of Bartlesville, Okla., put in a bid to sponsor the Amateur Athletic Union gymnastics championships. This seemed the patriotic thing to do. The fact that the year happened to be 1966 was merely a coincidence, or so say the number-conscious people at Phillips 66. Believe what you like, but if there was any chicanery in the souls of the down-home Oklahomians—who guaranteed expenses for the meet and therefore guaranteed themselves a loss of more than a few dollars—it was pure innocence compared with the disgraceful politick-

ing that preceded the championships. Bartians, as the natives call themselves, were really taken by the "a-jile" kids. The kids were taken even worse by the officials who govern their sport.

The trouble, which was as far removed from parallel bars and balance beams as colonels are from corporals, began four weeks ago at the United States Gymnastics Federation championships at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo. The meet was fine, but the real competition came afterward when the officers of the AAU took on the officers of the Federation in a tug-of-war

over the prostrate forms of the enlisted athletes. Rumors had been circulating among the would-be entrants that they could be banned by the AAU for taking part in the meet but—assured by older and wiser heads that there had been a Senate resolution calling for "an immediate and general amnesty" between the AAU and the National Collegiate Athletic Association (partners in the feud with the Federation)—they decided to give it a tumble anyway.

Within a week some 20 men had been notified by the AAU that they were ineligible for the AAU championships and, hence, any chance to qualify for the team that would represent the U.S. in the World Games in Dortmund, Germany next September. That the girls who participated in the championships were not punished was merely in keeping with the inconsistencies that have confused so many other amateur athletes, and not only gymnasts, in recent years.

Perhaps the most confused athlete last week was Licut. Greg Weiss, a former national champion from Penn State who is currently in the Air Force,

continued

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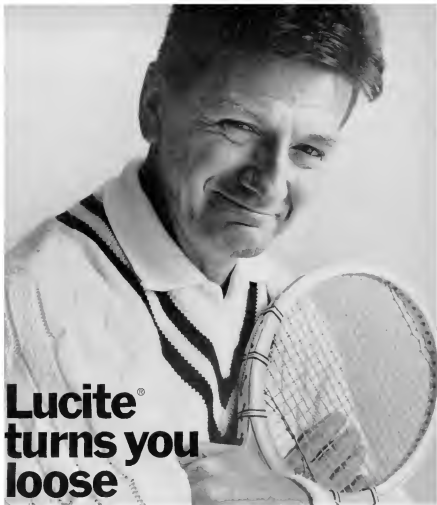
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"Two years ago," Weiss said, "when I could get no reply from the AAU, I attended a Federation clinic in Tucson. As a result I was not allowed by the AAU to go to the Nationals or on the trip to Europe or to compete in the North Americans, even though I was the defending champion."

"Then one day out of nowhere I got a call from Colonel Hull [Colonel Donald F. Hull, executive director of the AAU]. He said, 'How would you like to compete in the Little Olympics in Mexico City?' All of a sudden I'm acceptable. Then comes the Federation meet, and I'm blacklisted again."

Just two days before the AAU championships the five-man panel appointed last December by Vice-President Hubert Humphrey to mediate the dispute between the organizations governing amateur sports ruled that all but two of the gymnasts who had been declared ineligible were, forthwith, *persona grata*. Weiss was not, nor was fellow Olympian Rusty Mitchell, who went into coaching.

The new charge against Weiss was that he had misbehaved in Kobe, Japan after the 1964 Olympics. "I know there was some sort of trouble in Kobe," Weiss says, "but I couldn't have been involved because I was home in the States at that time." With a defense like that, it was hard to continue the ban on Weiss. Again he was cleared for duty.

The meet began in an atmosphere that only a secret agent working both sides of the street could appreciate. "You have to be careful who you talk to," one athlete said. "If I talk with a friend from the Federation, I have to be careful that no one from the AAU thinks I'm getting too chummy with the other people. If I see a friend from the AAU, I have to be careful about the Federation crowd. It's silly."

Happily, the good sense of the athletes prevailed over any conspiratorial thoughts they might have entertained. They and their coaches decided to live it up for a change. "This is supposed to be the most important meet of the year, but

we just can't take it seriously," said one coach. "We've decided to have a good time and the heck with the politics."

Even defending champion Makoto Sakamoto was caught up in the relaxed atmosphere. "I'm not trying hard enough, and that's badness," said the 5-foot 2-inch, 115-pound freshman from USC. Despite efforts to bear down, Makoto often found himself swapping tales and small talk with his brother Tadashi, who had flown in from Fort Sill, Okla., and with other contestants.

In the end, Makoto got keyed up enough to win his fourth straight all-around title, beating out Steve Cohen of Penn State by 2.5 points. The women's competition was still closer. Linda Metheny of Tusculu, Ill. defeated Marie Walther of Kent State by .068 of a point.

So how did the Barians react to all this? They stayed right through the finals that did not end until 12:15 Sunday morning, and now they hope Phillips 66 wins the Olympic Trials for them, even if they are in 1968.

END



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FROM WIRE TO WIRE

(continued from page 33)

While *Advocate* was giving the King his first serious test of the afternoon, *Stupendous* and *Blue Skyer* began to challenge at the head of the stretch. The latter hung on, beaten only a nose for place money. But *Stupendous*, who was second just a furlong from home, suddenly revealed a *Bold Ruler* trait. "I think he must have said to himself," *Braulio Baeza* commented at the jocks' room, "that the last eighth was too much for him." *Stupendous* finished a dead-tired fourth. *Shoemaker*, meanwhile, got into *Abe's Hope* on the turn and wheeled around the field in a sensational run that ended as abruptly as it began. Just four and a half lengths behind *Kauai King*—and with nothing but open space in front of him as he came to the head of the stretch—*Abe's Hope* hung badly and finished fifth, a neck behind *Stupendous* and a length in front of *Rehabilitate*. (The latter is definitely a colt to watch in the mile-and-a-half *Belmont Stakes* on June 4.) *Amberoid*, the fourth choice, was a disappointing seventh, while strung out behind him, in order, were *Fleet Shoe*, *Exhibitionist*, *Sky Guy*, *Williamston Kid*, *Quinta*, *Tragnew*, *Beau Sub* and *Dominar*.

Despite the challenges thrown at *Kauai King* from the quarter pole home, it never really looked as if he would be beaten. *Brumfield* was busy with the stick through the stretch, and as he and the King pounded the last and crucial furlong he said to himself. "Help me, Lord, because I need you now." When he stood up in his irons after the finish, he recalled, "I didn't cry, but I just got cold chills up my back. There were all these people, and so many of them were rooting for me. It's a wonderful feeling. I've been waiting 12 years for this kind of a day, and now I'm the happiest hillbilly hardhoo you have ever seen."

Kauai King's Derby will not go down as one of the greatest, although it never lacked for genuine excitement. It was a good-quality race until the last quarter. When you consider that that quarter was run in a slow 26 2/5 (final time, 2:02) and still not one of the 14 others could catch the leader, you must conclude that the trailers were indeed a bunch of short horses.

Still, *Kauai King* earned his victory, and *Brumfield* gave him a superb ride. Thirteen years ago the Derby crowd stood in almost silent disbelief as their gray hero,

continued



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FROM WIRE TO WIRE *continued*

Native Dancer, failed by a head to over-haul Dark Star. Since that time thousands of the Dancer's fans have waited for one of his sons to accomplish what he could not. Last year, his only other Derby starter, Native Charger, was fourth. For some reason, most of Native Dancer's success at stud has come in Europe rather than in this country. Across the Atlantic are his son Dan Cupid, himself the sire of the 1965 Arc de Triomphe winner, Sea Bird, and the fine stakes winner Hula Dancer.

If horses could talk, Kauai King might have rung up Native Dancer on Saturday night at Alfred Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm in Glyndon, Md. and said the same thing that Don Brumfield said to Trainer Henry Forrest before dismounting from Kauai King.

Forrest, who has been looking for a day like this for twoscore years, trudged out to meet his horse and rider as they came triumphantly back to the winner's circle. In his arms Forrest carried his 3½-year-old son, Henry Bryant Forrest, named for his close friend, Coach Bear Bryant of Alabama. Don Brumfield looked down at his friend and boss and said, "Thank you, Papa." **END**



Walking where he saw, KK returns to his stall.



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WHERE THE TROUT SLEEP LATE IN THE MORNING

There is no trout better and only one where you fish with Alma Kunz on Idaho's Teton River. The trout don't wake up until 9 o'clock, and Alma is running a restful retreat—not a labor camp

BY JACK OLSEN



CONTINUED





And then one day in late spring the last drop of snow melts off the valley floor and trickles into the Teton River. Up in the hill caves black bears open their heavy eyes and yawn and wonder where the fat has gone, and red foxes romp about in the meadows and exchange coy pre-marital glances. Pocket gophers turn to their summer-long task of aerating the soil, one hole at a time, and coyotes howl from the heights, harrowing the souls of sheep and dogies out to graze unguarded. The river is milky and full with the spring runoff rolling down from the glaciers and snowfields of the Grand Tetons and welling up through springs and pouring in from feeder brooks. But somewhere beneath the surface a long-winged mayfly manages to wriggle out of its shuck and pop up to the top, where it vibrates and tries to twitch life into its wings when—*splat!*

The trout season is on.

In this Teton valley of southeastern Idaho, just over the mountain range from the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, you are nobody unless you are a trout or a potato or Alma Kunz. The trout are cutthroats, rainbows and brooks; they live in the whole 60-mile stretch of the Teton River and keep it about with the intensity of their feeding. The potatoes are the money crop for valley farmers, who celebrate the lowly tuber by naming their drive-in theater *The Spud* and by eating quantities of a local candy bar called *Idaho Spud*. Alma Kunz is like Faulkner's Dilsey; he endures. For 58 years now, Alma has fished the moss-ridden reaches of the upper Teton, it is commonly believed by the local folk that Alma could catch trout in the swimming pool of the Flamingo Motel in Idaho Falls, an opinion which I have learned to share, and his fame has spread so far that fishermen from thousands of miles around come to Alma's Lodge near the village of Driggs, Idaho to "contesta" (accent on the first syllable in the local vernacular) Alma, betting him \$1 a fish and driving back home on their credit cards. Men like the chairman of American Airlines, the presidents of Ranchfield Oil and General Dynamics and other fat cats of big business drop everything to come out and fish with Alma; California lawmakers have been known to visit him and then introduce resolutions about him into the *Legislative Record*.

But Alma Kunz (pronounced, Germanically, *koontz*) is no snob; indeed, to tell the awful truth, he is nothing much at all to look at, and one's first impression after talking to him is that Alma is a man whom greatness has been

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY TED STEINENBERG

When Alma Kunz is in action there seems to be no action, just easy casts and the trout coming to the boat—where they belong.

thrust upon simply by virtue of the fact that he lives close to a stream full of trout. A devout Mormon, he is likely to arise in the morning, look at a sky full of dirty black clouds and intone, "This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." One can't help respecting a religion that teaches one to admire such a day. As for Alma, he means what he says. He goes about his morning chores, rejoicing in the day, and Teton valley weather being what it is, the clouds likely will be gone by the time he steps into his 20-foot johnboat for another river float for trout. It is then that Alma Kunz—age 66, with thinning white hair and the trace of a potbelly, dishwater-blue eyes on a narrow slant like those of cowboys' in cigarette ads, wearing a disheveled old red shirt, unpressed pants and battered city shoes—poles his johnboat into the middle of the Teton and metamorphoses into a legendary figure in fishing and casting. And *catching*.

"I'll tell you something about Alma," says Schoolteacher George Pehrson of Sprangville, Utah. "He can see a trout coming before the damned thing even starts. And he can put that fly right on that trout before the trout even knows where he's gonna be. Not only that, but Alma can teach you or anybody else to cast a dry fly and catch trout till your arm falls off. He took the *Queen for a Day*—now get this! He took the *Queen for a Day* winner—she'd never seen a fishing rod in her life, and a trip to Alma's Lodge was one of her prizes—he took her out and taught her to cast, and she caught the limit, 15 fish, on her first day!"

Alma employs six or eight guides who are miniatures of him: they know the 15 miles of the upper Teton River minutely, and they fish dry flies only. Every year Alma puts up \$10 and "contests" his guides en masse. They pick out a fly, any fly, for him to use, and they fish the stream with whatever flies they choose for themselves, matching the hatch as it changes or using old faithful Teton flies like the Renegade and the Adams. Last year the guides made Alma use a fly called the Warbonnet, tied by Snake River Sam ("Flies for fishin', not wishin'"), a monstrosity without hackle or wings, really nothing but a No. 10 hook with deer hair applied to it. The guides call it the killer-diller as a joke. Alma tied the joke on and caught a limit of fish in less time than any of the guides, thus retaining his \$10 and his record of never having lost. "Now boys," he said, "you needn't be ashamed. You did real well. I just lucked out." Alma looks out every year.

In some ways, Alma Kunz is like a black bear. Winters are to be borne; life is lived in the summers only. When the first snows of autumn hit the Teton valley and the fly rods are stored away, Alma begins to fidget. He hunts some and visits a few of his fishing friends around the country and studies catalogs and catches up on his paper work, but he is only marking time. And when spring comes and that

first trout goes *splat*! Alma leaves his house in the valley, drives the four miles to his unpretentious little brown-and-green lodge and begins to live. "I can't explain it," he says, "but coming back to this place excites me. Just turning on the water is a thrill, and seeing the lights go up again after they've been out all winter. I can already taste brook trout in my mouth. You know, the trout are friendly around here. They don't get up till 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning so we all can sleep. This is a rest camp, not a labor camp. But on opening day I'm out there at 4 o'clock in the morning. *Four o'clock in the morning*, freezing my bottom off! Because I want to have trout for breakfast." On opening day last year Alma and his son and partner, Lyle, and two doctors from Salt Lake City had caught their limits of 15 each by 5:30, and were enjoying the first trout breakfast of the year an hour later. After almost six decades of fishing the Teton River, Alma still gets trout fever, the piscatorial equivalent of buck fever.

I was with him one day when a typical Teton River rise began. One by one the rags dappled the surface; as more and more flies came up the trout became bolder, and pretty soon the river looked like the surface of a giant glass of Alka-Seltzer. "Oh, my goodness," said Alma, his hands shaking. "Oh, look at that! Would you believe it?" He cast and reeled a one-pound rainbow. "I can't stand it," he said. "My heart just won't put up with all this excitement. This is more fun than I can take." When the trout are on the rise, Alma Kunz is 8 years old.

The trout of Alma's river are neither as large as those in rivers like the Snake nor as sophisticated as those in rivers like the Test. What they are is *there*: thousands upon thousands of them, lashing the surface when the bugs rise, dampling pockets and corners all day long, guarding their own tiny domains against intruders. The rainbows were planted by the state; the eastern brook trout came over the spillway of a fishpond dredged by Alma's father in 1908 to make money raising fish for the market—the project failed (there were too many wild fish available to the local residents) but the brooks caught on and flourished in the river—and the cutthroats are descendants of Pacific coast fish that centuries ago made the long journey up the Columbia River into the Snake and thence through the driving rapids of the lower Teton canyon into Alma's stretch below the headwaters of the river. Through the long generations they have kept the bright-orange slashes of color that characterize the breed, but they gradually have changed from the steely hue of the Pacific cutthroat to a golden cast with orange spots on belly and fins. Occasional naughtiness with the rainbows of the Teton sometimes results in a cross-breed: a rainbow cutthroat with an orange-slashed jaw and a bright reddish-purple stripe down the side. The biggest fish in the upper Teton are cutthroats; they have been taken up to 12 pounds, but nowadays a two-pounder is considered a prize, and the best fish of each season is seldom over four or five pounds. "Size is not the point," says Alma.

continued

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The point is sport, and to this end Alma conducts a holy crusade against the use of anything but dry flies in his river. This is, perhaps, the only subject on which Alma Kunz has ever been known to raise his voice.

"We were fishing in the lake, and I had a spinner on," Rex Miller said loudly one day at the lodge.

"Hey, hey," said Alma, "will you please watch your language? Can't you see there's young boys here?"

"What'd I say?" asked Miller, a guide and distant relative of Alma. "What'd I say?" "You said 'spinner'!"

Without being a prig about it, Alma Kunz means business, and his attitude has permeated the Teton valley to such an extent that even local meat fishermen ("belly fishermen," as Alma calls them) are reluctant to dunk a worm in the river. Under Idaho law one can use almost any bait in the Teton short of minnows, which might get off the hook and grow up to be big bad egg-eating carp or suckers. But Alma's example has been so strong that, for all practical purposes, the 15 miles of the upper Teton are as fly-only as Pennsylvania's Fisherman's Paradise or the private stretches of New York's Neversink.

"I suppose it all goes back to Karl Musser," Alma explains. "He came to this river in 1937 from Peterboro, N.H., as fine a man as I've ever met, and I guided him. Right away I noticed he was a purist. If he happened to drag his fly till it went under the surface and he'd hook a fish with a submerged fly, he'd release him right away. I'd say, 'Mr. Musser, why did you release that fish?'"

"He'd say, 'Well, I caught him foul. I hooked him underneath the surface.' He was that much of a purist. He set an example for me. Every fisherman should meet Karl Musser. That first day we ran into a worm fisherman on the stream, and that's where I learned the words 'belly fisherman.' Mr. Musser said, 'That man's a belly fisherman,' and he let out an oath and he said, 'I don't know why they'd contaminate a stream like this with that kind of fishing.'"

Not that it required Karl Musser to introduce Alma to flies; he had been using them himself a long time, but he had been fishing them both wet and dry. "People thought I was silly at first," Alma recalls. "I guess it was around 1910 when I came across an old Grizzly King, a wet fly, and I tied it on a coarse gut leader and threw it in the river just for the heck of it, and before the fly had a chance to get wet I caught a 2½-pound cutthroat. So then I began to get away from bait as much as possible. I got hold of a Queen of the Waters, and then I added the Royal Coachman and the Gray Hackle, and that's about all I used for years. People used to laugh at me, but then they began to notice I was catching more fish than anybody else. I used to run a milk route, and it got so bad that people would go out on the route to help me so I could finish on time to take them fishing for money. Imagine that! They'd drive up here and carry milk all morning for me, and then I'd take 'em on the river and charge 'em. So in 1937 I got rid of the milk route and started guiding full time."

From the instant Alma met Karl Musser in that same year and came under the influence of the New Englander's sportsmanship rampant purism has been the rule at Alma's Lodge. A fisherman who goes out with one of Alma's guides and pulls out a baitbox or a Mepps spinner or a Flatfish finds his reservation canceled as soon as he returns to the lodge. "There's a lot of reasons," says Alma. "In the first place, a skilled dry-fly fisherman will catch a lot more fish in here. This is a weedy river, and the bait fisherman spends half his time cleaning grass off his hooks. A bait fisherman kills a fish whenever he hooks one. That's another drawback."

How can he tell that a man has been bait fishing? "I can tell in a second—by the looks on their faces and by looking at their tackle. I met a man the other day was sent over here from one of those lodges in Jackson. He came in with lures; he never caught a fish, and when he left I called up the Jackson Lake Lodge and I said, 'This is the first time you've ever sent a man in here with hardware.' I said, 'I feel sorry for the man, and I feel sorry for the son he had with him. Why, that boy was getting a bad example. He was big enough to learn dry-fly casting.' So they told me on the phone, they said, 'You know, Alma, you did something to that man without ever saying a word to him.' And I said, 'What was that?' And they said, 'Well, the second he got back here he put those two casting rods away and bought two fly rods.'" Alma recounts the story like a Mormon missionary who has just converted a wild tribe of Bombo-Bombo Indians, and the listener breathes a sigh of relief for the child spared a lifetime of horror: worms and hellgramites and minnows, Rapala lures and streamers and Hawaiian Wiggles. "And anyway," Alma goes on, "in all my years on this river I've never known a heel who fishes dry. In all these years I've never been heat out of a dime, I've never had to make any collections, and I think that's quite a record. It's a class of sportsmen you only get through dry-fly fishermen. Wet-fly fishermen I can respect somewhat; it's a tough way to fish, especially here after the vegetation comes up. But the dry-fly fisherman is the true gentleman."

Within this confraternity of purists there remains plenty of room for deviation from the norms, as Alma learns every year. Opening day is the test. "I get 'em driving in here with the shakes," Alma says with compassion, since he is likely to have the shakes himself on opening day. "You've got to hold 'em back. They don't even want to go to the bathroom; they want to get on that stream. I tell 'em, 'Relax! It'll be a few minutes before the guide's ready. Just go out and wax your line.' See, the thing is, you don't catch trout on a dry fly when you're tense and nervous like that. It takes a day or two to get the kinks out of your cast, to get rid of your jumpiness and to get used to seeing so many feeding trout at one time." Some never get used to the sight of the upper Teton at a boil. George Peterson, the schoolteacher, has fished 27 consecutive opening days out

continued



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of Alma's Lodge, a 600-mile round trip from his home in Utah, and he still is capable of losing all sense and sensibility when the trout come up. A few years ago Pehrson was casting a dry fly below the lodge, while his patient wife poled the boat. Pehrson hooked into a 5½-pound rainbow, and he soon realized that he was not going to be able to bring the fish to the net on his light leader. "Here!" he said, handing the rod to his wife and jumping into the chilly water (average summer temperature 52°). Fighting the current in water and mussel up to his neck, Pehrson waded 75 yards downstream, following his line. Whooping and hollering, he netted his trout on the dead run in the shallows. "I realized later what a crazy thing I'd done," Pehrson said. "There are some deep holes in the river, and a man can go into shock from that cold water. But I never felt a thing!"

Alma remembers a boatload of newcomers who floated into a mud hatch and began beating the surface to splatters in their eagerness to make a killing. They got so excited they tipped the boat, and one of 'em fell in," Alma says. "He boiled, 'Tell Martha I love her' and the guide shouted, 'For hell's sakes, get up and walk!' The river's only waist-deep." There was a man and his son tipped the boat the same way and hung from an old wooden bridge to wait for help. One of our local farmers walked over the bridge, and they called up to him, "Help, help, what are we gonna do?" and the farmer said, "Well, you might try lowering yourself down, the river's only about two feet deep there." They felt pretty stupid."

There are varying degrees of "trout madness," as Judge Travers has dubbed the disease that befalls fishermen in the spring, and Alma and his guides have seen (and suffered from) them all. A few years ago Guide John Pehlosso, George's son and one of Alma's most trusted hands, took out a magnate of industry from the East, a man so feared and furious that his name must go unreported to protect both me and young John. "He wanted a big fish," says the guide. "And he wanted it so desperately

that he made a nervous wreck out of me. He blamed me for everything. So I put him onto a big fish, and he hooked it. He brought it in, horsed it badly, and was terrified because I knew he'd blame it all on me if he lost it. He got it right up to the boat and he said, 'All right, John, net it.' And I poked the fish up and put it on the boat seat and laid the net down—a two-pound cutthroat, a real nice fish. And the man hollered, 'We got it! We got it!' And I hollered, 'We sure did! We sure did!' And we both were yelling as loud as we could, and that fish took one flip, and he was off the fly and back in the river. That guy called me about five names, and he said, 'Look, let's get the hell off this river.' I took him back to camp, and he got in his car and drove away as fast as he could!"

Sometimes Alma and his guides have only themselves to blame for the exuberance of such fishermen. The guides keep up a running spiel as they pole one along the river, and the gist of it is that around the next bend is the biggest trout in creation, a trout so huge that etc., etc. I went fishing with Alma one day and almost suffered a nervous breakdown from anticipation. I am not the most stable living human under the best of circumstances, but imagine sitting in a boat with trout rising all around you and Alma saying, "Now get ready! There's a three-pound trout feeding just ahead! We're floating right into him! Get some line out now! That's it. Steady, steady. Take him! Too bad, you struck a little too soon. You have to wait for these big cutthroats. Say chimpanzee, and then strike. That gives 'em time to suck the fly down. Oh, my goodness! Did you see that swirl over there? He had a back like a steer! Get ready. Shoot a little line. That's it. Perfect! I really admire your fishing. Yes, sir! *Ho ho!* Oh, too bad, you waited a little too long, that time. Say cow and then strike. Chimpanzee takes a little too long. Now get ready. I want you to put your fly right under that willow bush on the bank. There's a three-pound rainbow been living there all spring. You can do

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TETON TROUT (continued)

it. It's a one-cast proposition now, so make it right. You've got the skill for it. Ohhh, too bad! You've spooked him now. Well, never mind, just around the bend here. . . .

Do not assume from this that Alma is dishonest. No, sir, Alma can abide dishonesty no more than he can abide worms. It's just that Alma is, sometimes, a little overenthusiastic. "The anticipation is the main thing in fishing, anyway," he rationalizes, "and I just try to heighten it. And when I say that there are big fish in here, I'm only telling you the truth. The fact that the fisherman seldom catches 'em is only because the big fish are smart. That's how they got to be big fish."

One behemoth took up such residence under the bridge downstream from Alma's Lodge and tortured fishermen for a whole season. "The kids used to get up on the bridge and lie on their bellies and look at him," Alma says, "and they'd come running back home and tell me he was so old he had whiskers. So one day I said let's go and catch that big fish, and I put on a Male Adams, the one with the gray body, and I came down the river in my boat and put a cast right in between the piers where he was. I only had about two feet of free float, and he took it. I tossed him fairly solid, and he fought deep, a typical cutthroat, and I played him right between those two piers, trying to keep him from wrapping around one of 'em. And finally I landed him. He only weighed 3 1/2 pounds, but what a fighter he was! He had two wet flies in his mouth, a Royal Coachman and a Gray Hackle, and a little bit of a dry fly that was almost wore out. One good fisherman had had him on and lost him. Those flies in his jaw were what the kids thought were whiskers."

Alma's son, Lyle, a political-science graduate of Brigham Young University who teaches school in the winter and partners his father's business, fought a running battle with another Teton monster for five years. "Dad worked on him, too," Lyle remembers, "but he was too tough a fish. A rainbow, weighed about 10 pounds. Lived in that same hole under the bridge, like the other one. We

(continued)



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used to fish him through cracks in the bridge, drop the fly right down on top of him, and he'd ignore it. Every first of July he'd turn up in that same hole. I had him on twice. The first time he hit a fly and snapped it off in about a second. The second time I had him hooked better. Heavier line and leader. That fish came out of the water twice, and there was another fisherman watching me from his boat, and he got so excited when he saw my fish jump that he had a had attack of asthma. That man went down like a sack of meal. So I wedged my rod in the bridge and drove the poor man three miles to the doctor's and came back two hours later, and my fish had broken off. Three days later the big rainbow was back in the same hole, feeding on flies. Several people had him on after that, but he was never caught. He's out in that river right now. I'll betcha."

By the end of every spring, Alma and his guides will have 10 or 20 such fish spotted, not necessarily all 10-pounders, but fat, respectable trout of three pounds and up. "They move about till they find a home," Alma explains, "and then they stay right in that spot for the whole summer. Once you see him you can depend on it, he'll be there the next time you cast over him. But every time you put a fly on a fish he gets a little smarter, which makes it harder but also makes it a little more interesting. Remember, a fish looks out of a window, sort of. In shallow water, his window's about eight or 10 feet forward at most, but in deep water it's only about three or four feet across, so you have to put that fly right in there. If you put it in back of his window or over his head you've only spooked him, and you'll never catch him. By the time the summer's over, my fishermen'll have made contact with every one of these big fish—Lavermouth, Scarface, Ironsides, Big Pete, Old Blue, River George, half a dozen fish like them—but more often than not they won't catch 'em. The trout have too many things going for 'em in this river: moss they can tangle the line around, and currents they can buck against, and the simple fact that they can bust a light leader without straining a muscle. To make matters more difficult,

continued

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each of the three types of Teton trout has a different type of strike, and the fisherman must learn to tell the difference in a split second.

"The rainbow's very quick in his strike," Alma goes on, "but you have to hesitate on the cutthroats. Except you can hit fast on the smaller cutthroats. And the brook strikes quick—fast, but not as fast as the rainbow. You learn to tell 'em by size and type. A large fish makes a slow rise and a deep wake. A small fish flips his tail and makes a splash, which sometimes fools some of the fishermen. Sometimes a big fish will give the impression that he's a small fish by wringing for a fly when he's out of position and making a splash. But mostly, a big fish uses his mouth like a suction cup. He opens it and draws in some water, and the hug goes right down. But the little fish snaps at the fly. So when you get a strike here, you have to figure out what kind of fish it is, whether it's a big one or a small one and so forth. The average here is about one fish caught for every 10 strikes, and even the better fisherman can't do much better than that."

Something else the better fisherman should practice before he goes to Alma's Lodge is the delicate art of fly-lying, a subspecies of prevarication that is not only countenanced by the ultramaral Alma but enthusiastically practiced by him. Fly-lying consists of misleading your fellow fisherman as to what fly is taking fish. Sometimes Alma deals in the simple and forthright fly-lic.

Fisherman: What fly are you taking 'em on today, Alma?

Alma: The Pink Downright.

Fisherman: What's that?

Alma: It's the opposite of a Blue Up-right.

Fisherman: What's the Pink Downright do?

Alma: It sinks down right to the bottom.

At the end of such an exchange, the fisherman knows Alma was lying, but what of the more sophisticated colloquy where Alma deals in the lie within a lie, or the lie upon a lie? One day we returned to the lodge with a string of trout as long as your surf-casting rod to find Alma's son Jyle waiting us at the dock

"What'd you get 'em on?" Jyle asked.

"Well, Jyle," Alma said, "we had to tell George that we were using a Corey brook, but I'll tell you the truth. It was a Beavercreek." It was, in fact, a Blue Wulff, which looks as much like a Beavercreek as a Dual Gha looks like a Volkswagen.

Another time Alma and I came in at noon with a nice string, and veteran Teton Fisherman Herb Hardy, a lawyer from Portland, Ore., asked Alma what we had been using. "An Olive Dun," Alma said. I gasped. An Olive Dun was what we had been using, and now Herb Hardy would go out and take all the big trout we had spotted. "Don't worry," Alma consoled when we got out of Hardy's carshot. "He knows I lie all the time, and now an Olive Dun is absolutely the last fly he'll use this after noon."

I cannot think of Herb Hardy without a twinge of conscience, the result of a dirty, rotten Teton River fly-lic of my own, and one which I am certain will effectively hurt me from the gates of heaven. Herb Hardy can fly-lic with the best of them, but at heart he is a line, generous, friendly man. One evening he and his brother Ted came in with the best string of trout I had seen on the Teton: one cutthroat of nearly three pounds and about a dozen in the pound-and-over class. "Holy obscenities," I said. "What did you use, Herb?"

"The Tup's Indispensable," he said without batting an eye. "I tie it myself, with a pink body."

I can go along with a gag as well as the next guy, so I said, "Boy, I wish I had a couple of those."

The next morning Herb proudly handed me a pair of Tup's Indispensables, pink bodies, sizes 12 and 14. "Tied 'em for you myself late night," Herb said.

As luck would have it, Alma instructed me to put on a Blue Wulff. "Herb tied a couple of Tup's Indispensables for me, Alma," I said. "Shouldn't I at least tie 'em?"

"Listen," Alma said. "Herb is a good fisherman, but I knew him when he fished with worms. Tie on a Blue Wulff."

I put on a small Blue Wulff and, as Alma and I worked upstream, I took a

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TETON TROUT

dozen nice trout in about 50 casts. Those fish were breaking their necks to snap at that Blue Wulff. Plainly, this was no day for the Tup's Indispensable or any other fly except the one I was using. I looked up to see Herb Hardy's red-and-white boat dead ahead. "How are you doing?" he called.

"Crazy!" I shouted.

"What are you using?"

I blurted, "The Tup's Indispensable." Well, what was I supposed to tell him? That I had spurned his gift? That I didn't value his advice? That he had sat up all night tying those two flies for an ingrate fink? Listen, when Herb Hardy asked me what fly I was using, he posed a philosophical question that would have disturbed Kant or Voltaire or even Ann Landers.

For a second, he was speechless. Then he said, "Well, now you know some fishermen are honest about flies."

I said, "At least you and I are." Lightning should have struck me. I saw Herb clip off the fly he was using and tie on a new one.

That nighttime I pulled in with nine keepers and a sore arm from the other dozen or so I had returned, all caught on the small Blue Wulff. Herb chugged in a few minutes later, and I asked him how he had done. He held up two fingers in disgust. Herb Hardy, one of the master dry-fly fishermen of all Teton River history, had practically been skunked on a morning's fishing, and all because I had touted him on his own fly.

I now keep those two Tup's Indispensables, still virginal and pink, affixed to the wall of my office, where they serve as reminders of the continuing need for honesty and forthrightness in our dealings with our fellow man. And this year when I return to the Teton River to fish with Alma, I am going to tell Herb Hardy, for one, exactly what fly I am using. I have discussed the matter with Alma by electric telephone, and we have already selected the fly we will open with. I pass it along to Herb Hardy and all others who would like to have an edge on opening day.

We are starting with the Pink Downright.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"I was never so glad in my life as when spring training ended," one Cactus League admitted recently. "After Mays, McConery, Cepeda and Hart every day, anything else is Triple-A." Cepeda is gone now, traded to St. Louis for Ray Sadecki, but throwing a pitch to a Giant is still a little like tossing a pebble into a rock crusher. SAN FRANCISCO (6-0) had won eight straight through Sunday, with small embellishments like knocking Sandy Koufax out in the second or scoring 13 runs in one inning. In a streak like that, Willie Mays got to have his record-breaking 512th home run. He did. Unexpected players committed nine errors in three games, and Pittsburgh (3-3) dropped to second. In one stretch, for implausible example, Roberto Clemente made two throwing errors, watched a third strike with two men on base, and punched a fan after the game. When, one day, Clemente did hit a bases-loaded two-out single, Manny Mota and Mandy Alou got tangled at third for the final game-losing out. Even in this, their finest hour, the HOUSTON (5-1) Astros were upstaged by their Astrohome. After nine victories in 11 games, the ball club had a firm grip on third. The Astrodome, unfortunately, had another first. To the zippered-plastic infield (first infield with built-in infield fly), guaranteed-glare dome and dying grass, add indoor rain squalls: the roof leaks. The damp Astroturf, however, didn't slow Grady Hatton's mudders. PHILADELPHIA (3-3) Manager Gene Mauch announced, "Anybody who gives up on this team is crazy." The Phillies, who had already scored three runs in the bottom of the 11th, got a two-out, two-run Dick Groat single to beat the Pirates 8-7. ATLANTA (3-3) remained tied for fifth in the National League or, depending on whom you ask,

ninth (in the circles of hell. Young Second Baseman Woody Woodward (.333) replaced veteran Frank Bolling. "Something happens when Woody is in the lineup," says Bobby Beagan. "We win." LOS ANGELES (1-5) was getting the hitting it could have used last year. Jeff Torborg was .294, Maury Wills .282, Jim Lefebvre .310, Willie Davis .296 and the whole team second in the NL at .252. And the pitching? Best ERA in the league. Then how come they were tied for fifth place? Who knows? But they must be doing something wrong. Bob Gardner pitched a four-hitter for New York (3-3). Tug McGraw allowed seven hits in his game, Dennis Ribant five in his, and Jack Hamilton (who had a one-hitter earlier in the week against the Cardinals) only two in his, yet the Mets—bless their little hearts—were able to win only two of four games from the last-place Cubs. The wrecking crews, scheduled to tear down old Sportsman's Park after last Sunday's game, reported for work early on. LOUIS (1-4) pitchers surrendered 13 runs in one inning Saturday night and 10 more (in nine innings) the next afternoon. Cardinal batsmen, around the same time, were getting one safe hit (a bunt) against the Mets and letting Bob Gibson lose two three-hitters to the Giants within six days. Manager Don Heffner, who has changed the CINCINNATI (3-3) lineup 16 times in 18 games, kept making moves. At one time or another, pinch rookie Tommy Helms was on third, Pete Rose was back up second and Deron Johnson was on the bench. They worked, too. Cincinnati had its best week of the season. W. Russell Arrington is a Republican, Majority Leader of the Illinois Senate, and a CHICAGO (2-5) fan. Whenever he can, he sneaks off to watch the Cubs play. A week ago, when Laughing Leo's kind of team was only 4-12 instead of 6-17, he watched them blow a one-run lead

with two out and a 3-2 count in the ninth inning. "That," said Arrington, "is a team that only Tom Dewey could really appreciate."

Standings SF 10-3, PH 14-8, HO 15-10, PHI 10-9, ATL 13-12, LA 13-12, NY 8-10, ST. L. 8-14, CH 7-14, CH 8-17

AMERICAN LEAGUE

There's a new cheer for the Birds, as league-leading CLEVELAND (4-3) discovered when it cruised in BALTIMORE (3-3) for four games with the second-place Orioles. The "Charge!" syndrome has finally reached Maryland. The up-to-the-minute management plays bugle notes over the P.A. system, and their fun-loving fans dutifully scream on signal. Whee. Friday night the bugles blasted as the Indians' Sam McDowell prepared to pitch, and it was Cleveland Manager Birdie Tebbets who charged. "They can do anything they want when the ball isn't in play," Birdie trumpeted to the ump. "They can dance in the aisles or blow up the place. But this is something being done to my club that I have no chance to do to theirs." Birdie lost the argument and lost the game, then lost two more on Sunday when the Birds tied the Indians for the league lead. Frank Robinson hit the first fair ball ever out of Municipal Stadium. Young Rick Reichardt and Jack Warner continued to lead CALIFORNIA (4-2), but such ancients as Norm Siebern (10 for 16, 7 RBIs), Jack Sanford and Lew Burdette helped mightily. Meanwhile, brand-new Anaheim Stadium has drawn 270,159 for 12 home dates—up 158,318 from 1965 Angel attendance. Twice in six days CHICAGO (1-4) was stopped on one-hitters, getting just one extra base hit and five runs in 46 innings. The White Sox won 1-0 on Saturday behind Tommy John (and that was the first run Tommy had been

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

In his third major league game last month, rookie George Scott of the Boston Red Sox struck out five times. "I'm not discouraged," the 22-year-old Scott said after the game. A few days later playing in Yankee Stadium—"I've only seen this place in books," he said before the game—Scott hit a home run into the third deck in left field off Whitey Ford, who said later that it was one of the three longest homers ever hit off him. Last week Scott, a right-handed batter who stands 6 feet 2 inches and weighs 215 pounds, hit five home runs and drove in 10 runs with 10 hits in 26 at bats. He led the league in home runs with 10, was second in RBIs with 22 and was batting .329. Red Sox

Pitching Coach Sal Maglie said, "I was with the Giants when Willie Mays came up, but I've never seen anyone break into the big leagues like Scott. He has more power than Mays." After George hit two home runs last week to beat Detroit, one Tiger pitcher said "We're going to have to start knocking this kid down." Scott, a native of Greenville, Miss., played last year at Pittsfield, Mass. in the Eastern League, and in his last nine at bats for the season he hit a home run that 1) won the game, 2) gave Pittsfield the league championship, 3) won Scott the triple crown and 4) earned for Scott the MVP award. Playing in Fenway Park, a right-handed hitter's paradise, Scott is, according to teammate Carl Yastrzemski, "a definite threat to Roger Maris' record of 61 home runs."



RED SOX'S GEORGE SCOTT

The Babe Cobb of Puerto Rico

One of the best ballplayers in the Caribbean never got to the big leagues, but his son has kept the name going by MYRON COPE

Soon after burly Orlando Cepeda began pounding home runs for San Francisco in 1958, a myth arose to the effect that the so-called Baby Bull from Puerto Rico had been sired by a prodigious slugger known across the Greater Antilles as "the Babe Ruth of Puerto Rico." The truth is that Orlando's father—Pedro (Perucho) Cepeda—shared with Ruth little more than a taste for hard living. If an analogy must be drawn, Perucho was the Ty Cobb of Puerto Rico. "Ah, well do I remember Perucho," says Señor Pedro Vazquez, an erstwhile ballplayer and onetime president of the Puerto Rican Winter League. "One day we had him trapped between bases and he put his head down and flew at me with his spikes. Scoot! He cut off my pants from the waist down."

For a fact, Perucho was one of the finest, if not the very best, of the Caribbean Negroes born too soon to cash in on the day when the big leagues went interracial. Though broad-backed and thick-set, he was sufficiently agile to play any position in the infield and outfield—he usually played shortstop. Twice he hit better than .400. Unlike Ruth, he did not hit the quadrangular often, but he rattled the fences with line-drive doubles and triples. He also rattled the jaws of opposing players and fans with lewis and rights.

Indeed, the fans counted upon Perucho's towering temper to provide an added attraction and made a point of goading him into action. Playing for Santurce at age 44, only five years away from death from cirrhosis of the liver, Perucho cracked out a pinch-hit double in a game at Caguas, whereupon a fan in the third-base seats shouted, "Perucho, you are an old man! You cannot play!" The insult, like most of those Perucho heard, actually was hurled with cheerful affection, for Puerto Ricans exposed themselves to him in the same spirit that men run with the bulls in Pamplona. Perucho bolted from the field, socked the fan a terrific blow and was hauled off to jail.

"Ah, Perucho!" cried the desk sergeant and the lieutenant in charge. As usual, they clapped him on the back and sent him home.

Perucho's tiny wife Carmen, a non-violent type, forswore the ball parks and could not be persuaded by her son Orlando to see him play until he was 20. After she had become a widow she remained puzzled by her husband's behavior. "Perucho would tell me, 'I love to fight. I have to fight.'"

For all his exertions, he was never paid more than \$60 a week and had to moonlight with the San Juan water department to support his family. Yet he was a star among true stars, for in the 1930s, his ginger years, the great American Negro players—Satchel Paige, Josh Gibson, and the rest—played Puerto Rico by winter. However stiff the competition, Perucho found defeat so intolerable that no one dared speak to him after a loss.

On one such day Orlando and his older brother, Pedro Jr., tagged home from the park with their father. Marching head down to the bus stop, Perucho boarded a bus—the wrong one—in a blind rage. Pedro Jr. glanced at Orlando, who shrugged and put a finger to his lips. "We were too scared to say anything," says Orlando. "We just sat there in the bus and kept riding."

Orlando was a semicripple, hobbling on a badly bowed right leg, but at 15 he had the leg corrected by surgery and began to fill out, a powerful youngster. One day his brother came home and said, "Hey, Papa, you ought to see Or-

lando play baseball. He has the power." Perucho was delighted, but he made it clear that as a father he would not have any of that catching-Bob-Feller-out-by-the-barn routine. "Nobody can teach you to play ball," he growled at Orlando. "If you are going to be a baseball player, be it by yourself."

So saying, he abruptly made Feller's father look like the soul of indifference. "Everywhere I played," says Orlando, "my father followed." Whenever Orlando fielded a ball incorrectly, Perucho would stampede from the stands shouting, "I showed you how to make that play!" In one game, after Orlando had committed an error and gone 0 for 2, Perucho shook his fist under his son's chin and warned, "You better do something, or else!" Orlando hit two doubles.

The son loved basketball, but Perucho made him throw his uniform, shoes and ball into the rubbish. "Baseball or nothing," declared Perucho. In the end his vigilance had a decidedly beneficial effect on the sandlot performances of Orlando and Pedro Jr. During one game Pedro was hit on the arm with a pitch, and Perucho dashed from his seat, challenging the pitcher to a fight. Says Orlando, "After that, you see, Pedro and me, we got very good pitches whenever our father was in the stands."

Nevertheless, Pedro became so terrified of making an error before his father's eyes that he gave up baseball, enrolled at the University of Puerto Rico and became an accountant.

Perucho played his last season at age 45 and soon after had to endure prolonged torture from his ruined liver. One day he went to the office of his former employer, Pedro Zorilla, who owned the Santurce Club and scouted for San Francisco. To Zorilla, Perucho said, "Take care of my kid." Soon after, in 1955, Zorilla took Orlando to a Giant tryout camp in Florida, where the Giants signed him for a \$500 bonus. Perucho sighed and went to bed and died.



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ROOKIES: BATTING*

National League	AB	R	H	BA
CEOR JONES NY	37	2	7	.204
BYRON BROWER Cle	54	4	10	.296
SONNY JACKSON Mia	50	0	0	.289
TOMMY WELLS Cle	74	1	9	.270
TITO SUAREZ SF	36	1	3	.254
OLIVE BROWER SF	40	1	5	.250
GEORGE KIRKMAN SF	49	0	3	.245
RAHEM WINDLEY Cle	30	2	8	.234
CHUCK HARRISON Mia	29	3	3	.172

American League

GEORGE SCOTT Bos	39	9	20	.343
JACKIE WARDNER Cal	65	5	13	.282
ROY WHITE NY	62	3	4	.250
OSIE CARRASCO KC	26	0	1	.218
CELAN TOWER Min	14	1	3	.215
ANDY ECHENBACH, Bal	59	2	3	.211
TOMMIE ADEE Cle	44	3	5	.209
ANDY KOSCO Mia	39	0	1	.200
KEN SHANER KC	29	0	2	.201
DAVE JOHNSON Bal	69	4	6	.217
JOL FOY Bos	33	0	3	.221

*through May 7

given in 16 innings, or since he himself had hit a home run). But when they tried that one-run-a-day act again on Sunday, they lost. Charles Dressen, self-proclaimed pitching expert and the man who brought in Ralph Branca to face Bobby Thomson, got two shutouts from his pitcher (3-2) pitchers. Mickey Lolich (3-1, ERA 3.77) five-hit Boston 8-0, and Denny McLain (4-1, ERA 1.98) one-hit Chicago 1-0. Between its own shutouts, Detroit got shut out 8-0 and 7-0. Tony Oliva of Minnesota (4-2) popped 11 hits in 16 at bats to lift his average to .394, and the Twins reacted by winning five straight. Oliva previously had had two hits in 19 at bats, and the Twins had lost five of six. But the Twins were still lost in the American League's six-team first division. Washington (3-2), first in its class, continued to play poorly against poor teams and well against good ones. After sweeping two from Baltimore, the Senators then managed two losses to the A's, a team batting .148. One clue: Pitcher Pete Rachert has worked on no-hitters three times in five games but has only a 1-4 record. Except for George Scott (above) and Carl Yastrzemski, no-ton (3-3) had little to talk about. The pitchers have a staff ERA of 4.55, and there is a standing-room-only bullpen. KANSAS CITY (2-4) had a somewhat different situation. "I'm going to keep the bullpen empty." Al Dark told Rookie Pitcher Chuck Dobson, "It's you all the way." Dobson said, "I thought he was kidding." Dark wasn't, the bullpen stayed empty and Dobson beat the Senators 2-1 on four hits.

NEW YORK (2-4) lost four in a row before Johnny Keane was fired, then won two in a row for Ralph Houk. Mickey Mantle batted in all the runs in a 3-1 victory.

Standings: Bal 15-8, Cle 15-4, Det 11-8, Min 15-8, Cal 12-5, Mia 9-9, Wash 7-12, NY 7-14, NY 6-16, KC 5-15



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TURNED-ON WORLD

Sirs:

After reading Dan Jenkins' fine article on international sports and where we stand in them (*Stop the World, the U.S. Is On*, May 2), curiosity prompted me to run a little test between the U.S. and the Soviet Union on their dominance in sports on an international competition level. Using your chart, I devised a system awarding 5 points for a first-place ranking, 4 points for second, 3 for third, 2 for fourth and 1 for fifth. The U.S. total came to 53 points, which included seven first-place rankings and two seconds. And, in line with my expectations, the Russian total came to 60, with only four No. 1 rankings but nine seconds. A conclusion can be drawn from this experiment that the U.S. isn't as dominant in international sports as a lot of people think.

BOB CHAMVIN

St. Paul

Sirs:

Your ranking of the U.S.S.R. fifth in international tennis is ridiculous. In the past two years the Soviets have not won a round in the European zone of the Davis Cup. They lost to Italy by a decisive 4-1 margin this year.

The furthest a Soviet has advanced in one of the big four tennis tournaments was Tomas Lujak's quarter-final effort at the 1965 French Championships. The only outstanding achievements by U.S.S.R. players were V. Konev's and C. Morozov's junior titles in the 1965 Wimbledon Championships.

Countries such as Italy, France, Mexico, India and Czechoslovakia should all be rated ahead of the U.S.S.R.

FRANK M. MANABACH

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

Please explain how you manage to rank the speed skating as you do. How can you rank Sweden, North Korea(?) and the U.S. before Norway? Norway, The Netherlands and the U.S.S.R. form the three contenders for the first place.

CHRISTIAN PIVOU

Lausanne, Switzerland

Sirs:

The only sports I noticed appearing in the article were ones we excel in and will probably continue to excel in during the coming years. No mention was made of how we might establish ourselves in the seven sports we rank poorly in or the three sports in which we do not rank at all! As an example, one of the sports your magazine listed our country unranked in, namely,

soccer, is played by 95% of all countries in the world. Why aren't we developing our youth who don't swim or play football or basketball to lead us to recognition in this sport? This same holds for many other sports that we lag in.

It seems to me that our country should have a National Sports Federation that could not only unite the feuding NCAA and AAU but also aid in the development of the sports we rank poorly in as well as the ones we rank highly in so that in the future our athletic youth could lead us to world domination in every sport.

KENNETH R. HAMANN

Southfield, Mich.

Sirs:

Jenkins renewed my feeling of pride in this great country.

ROBERT WRIGHT

Montreal

HITS AND ERRORS

Sirs:

Your baseball issue was really great. Gary Sprinkle, my best friend, and I are both Orioles fans. We are sure you are correct in predicting them first. As soon as the Indians trip over their shoestrings and fall into third or fourth place, the Orioles will take first by such a margin that you would have to take an airplane to get from first to second.

STEVE MANN

Vinton, Va.

Sirs:

I wonder how many of SA's baseball fans have sworn off air travel after reading what Bobby Bragan had to say about Ken Sylvestri's off-season job at the control tower in O'Hare Field. The big yak in the story was that Ken purportedly instructed two partners to head for the same runway at the same time. Some fun!

As a seasoned air traveler myself, I know it's the bunk, airport control towers are not manned by part-time job seekers. But I think you ought to explain to your more squeamish readers that the evocative Bobby was just making a funny.

J. C. JACKSON

Chicago

● Braves Manager Bragan was indeed retelling a purely apocryphal tale he has used to good advantage all winter on the banquet circuit.—ED.

HOME CLAY

Sirs:

Your articles on Cassius Clay have been both significant and topical. The problems

this often-misunderstood person has encountered and the forces that have made his values and beliefs almost inevitable are of the utmost importance regarding the Civil Rights problem that faces our society today. Congratulations to Jack Olsen on this excellent series.

JOHN HENSHLEY

North Bergen, N.J.

Sirs:

I have enthusiastically followed your series on Muhammad Ali, especially so because of the fairness which characterized Mr. Olsen's writing in Parts I through 3. In Part 4, however, he commits an error in discounting the stories told by Mr. Clay Sr., Muhammad and others concerning injustices perpetrated upon Negroes in Louisville. Mr. Clay certainly grew up under great disadvantage there because he is black. I don't contend that the radical points of view which he or Muhammad argue are anything more than their own reaction to their disadvantage; other black men react differently. But I do argue, contrary to Mr. Olsen's opinion, that their stories of injustice done to the black man in Louisville, as elsewhere in the South, are essentially true. Had Mr. Olsen seen what some of these people have, he might be a little "paranoid" too!

DUANE HOLINS

Newark, Del.

Sirs:

If Cassius Clay is the World's Best Athlete, I'm his best cheerer.

STEVE ANDERSON

Ithaca, N.Y.

SMART AS AN ASS

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert pitches like a lion when he moves that exact mammalogical references rather than the old animal clichés he used to describe sports heroes (*Fast as an Elephant, Strong as an Ant*, April 25). This is not the 175-*mph* dive of a true newshawk. The pigmy hippo and female gray seal, which he uses to describe Ernie Ladd, are both meant for slippery fields and should never be taken out of their element.

Also, I would advise sportswriters never to call an earnest athlete a cheat, no matter how fast he can run. Say it out loud, and you'll see why.

DAVID E. REILLY

New York City

Sirs:

My boss is an Indian fan. He may not have noticed when I said that Birdie Tebbets' strategy was slinky or that Big Sam

continued



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